



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER



EL CÍD
Light Amontillado
SHERRY

Fortnum & Mason



for the essential
and the exceptional

Aristocrat of Liqueurs



Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., York Place, Edinburgh.

**McVITIE
& PRICE**

*Makers of
Finest Quality Biscuits*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



THE WELL BALANCED
LIQUEUR

COINTREAU
Extra Dry

Sole
Importers

W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd.
Newcastle upon Tyne 6.

By Appointment Purveyors of Cognac Brandy to the late King George VI.

COURVOISIER
★★★ COGNAC V.S.O.P.

The Brandy of Napoleon

**Silver
Cross**

*The world's most
exclusive* **BABY COACH**

Otard

**COGNAC
BRANDY**

FAMOUS SINCE 1795




ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE LTD.
COMPANY, L

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1



Soft and gossamer fine, yet
miraculously strong . . . skin-
smooth in wear, and so sensibly
long in the leg . . . such exquisite
perfection is only found when the
name on the nylons is NIKÉ.

All the smart women wear

Nike REGD

(pronounced Nee-Kay)

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

MADE BY CUNNINGHAM OF KILMARNOCK

Country joy....



Light-hearted, lightweight, with the new light look of the moment — the perfect suit to celebrate those first glorious days when the countryside bursts out a-new. This Dellbury suit of pure wool Scottish tweed, slim-skirted, with a single deep back-pleat. In light or dark oatmeal flecked with white. Hip sizes 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41 and 43. 18 guineas. *You can also order through the Simpson Post Order Service.*

A *Dellbury*

MODEL FROM

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Women's Shop —
fourth floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002

only from Paris....

... where perfection in making up is truly understood
 ... only from Paris, where this art is studied as a science
 ... only from Paris, the envy of the world
 ... Beauty Preparations by LANCÔME

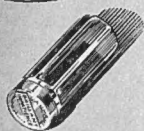


FACE POWDER

Conquete Delicate and fine, for the natural look, especially suitable for dry and sensitive skins

Velours A more 'covering' powder, particularly right for the evenings

Both in a very wide range of expertly blended shades ... made only in Paris



LIPSTICK

From palest coral rose to the deep exotic reds, in 36 intervening shades. Glossy and lustrous 'Brilliant' or the drier 'Satin' if you prefer ... made only in Paris



EYE SHADOW

With the same creamy lightness as the Lancôme rouge, in 13 subtle shades for daytime or later. And for evenings, six iridescent shades ... made only in Paris.



SUPPLE FOUNDATION

The newest addition to the wide range of Lancôme foundations ... for a perfect matt finish that lasts the whole day. Whatever your type of skin you need no powder with Supple Foundation ... made only in Paris.



ROUGE

So light and creamy, so natural and easy to use. In shades matching Lancôme lipsticks and nail varnishes ... made only in Paris.

NAIL VARNISH

Specially long lasting, it gives the smooth, sparkling effect of a professional manicure. In shades matching Lancôme lipsticks and rouge colours. Prepared from a real American base ... but made only in Paris

LANCÔME

14 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W1 MAYFAIR 3971



and at the same address The Lancôme Salon

... of
consummate
perfection



Barrie Scottish knitwear is the concern of the Bordermen of Hawick whose

sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and lambswools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as swansdown and a summer's cloud, infused with tints of nature's gentle palette, these contemporary classics are born only of skill and time-won knowledge

Barrie
Regd.

KNITWEAR

BARRIE & KERSEL LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

RAISE YOUR PIMM'S TO

Otto Glockenspiel



This rotund virtuoso from Bad Oder was the first prominent figure to chant the praises of Pimm's No. 1. His organ concerto (opus No. 1—named for his favourite beverage) was performed with bravura, as well as a small monkey, before the Duke of Battersea, in 1870. Glockenspiel's centenary is being celebrated all this year—in Pimm's. Prosit!

Where there's a Pimm's there's a party, and if he's a wise party he mixes his Pimm's with fizzy lemonade, adds ice and garnishes with sliced lemon or orange, and cucumber peel if borage isn't handy. One bottle makes lots and lots of this spirited Cup.

PIMM'S No.1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



The ideal gift for all occasions...

A BOX OF ALLWOOD'S CUT CARNATIONS

always just right and appreciated at all times in joy and in sorrow

DIRECT FROM

THE LARGEST GROWERS

and dispatched by experts, the flowers arrive fresh as the dew in the morning. Specially selected colours or unique mixed shades, which are not seen in the florists' shops

From 1 Gn. to 5 Gns. per box

LET US QUOTE YOU FOR A REGULAR WEEKLY SUPPLY

Quantity in box according to prevailing wholesale market prices

ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE BEST!

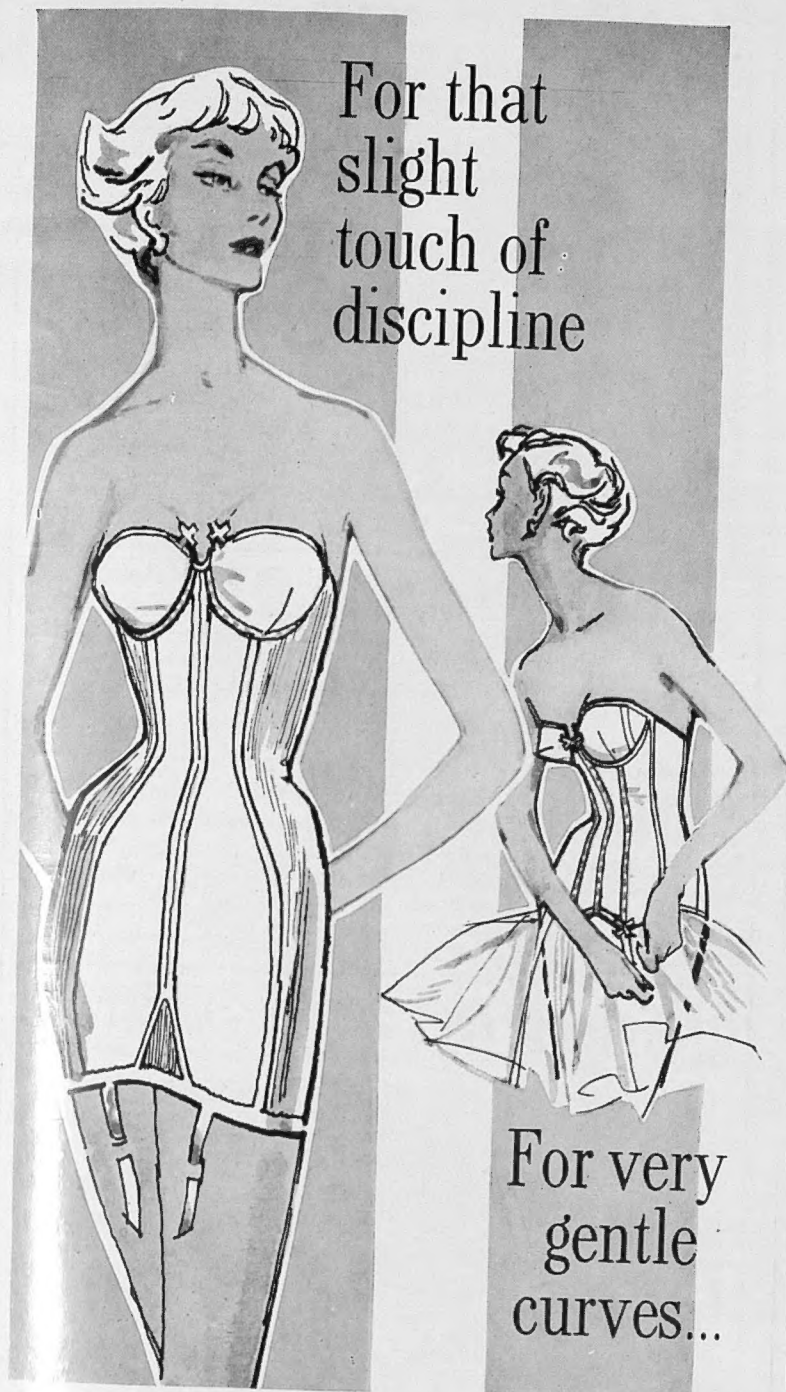
Write for large Catalogue of all kinds of Carnations, Pinks and Dianthus



Allwood Bros
LTD.

Carnation Specialists (Cut Flower Dept.)

3 HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX Wivelsfield 232 & 233



There's a *Youthlines Rivoli* styled for you

Rivoli is Youthlines foundation for the Paris line . . . for the high, high bosom and the smooth, flat diaphragm . . . the foundation you dare not be without.

Rivoli is firm but gentle. In wispy white or black nylon taffeta with strong, stretchy American 'Power-Net' panels to coax you in the way you ought to go.

And if you like a shorter foundation, there's Rivoli One.

But whichever one you decide is yours, you're right in fashion with Youthlines Rivoli. At good shops everywhere, Rivoli One £5.5.0, Rivoli Two £6.16.6.

For illustrated brochure giving further particulars of the Youthlines range and names of nearest stockists write to Dept. 163

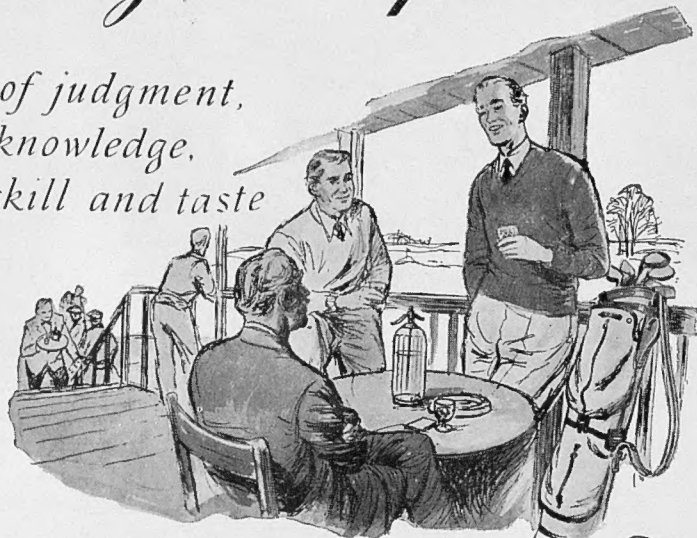
W.B. FOUNDATIONS (Wholesale only) • MADDOX HOUSE • REGENT ST • LONDON • W1

Horrockses *Pirouette* children's fashions



Players & Spectators

of judgment,
knowledge,
skill and taste



choose whisky

of fine reputation,
mature, pure
and perfectly
blended



*'Quality
Sells'*



By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

naturally

V.A.T. 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY ST. LEITH London Office: 63 PALL MALL, S.W.1



Information: Your Travel Agent, The Swiss National Tourist Office, London, 458 Strand, VBO Interlaken or the local Enquiry Offices.

Adelboden
4,500 ft.
FOR SPORTS AND
FUN

New Chairlift to Hahnenmoos

Swimming Pool, Tennis, Fishing, Mountaineering, Dust-free road, Chairlift Schwandfeldspitz, Cable Railway to Engstligenalp. 20 hotels with 1,000 beds, Boarding Schools, Children's Homes.

Ask for Free Booklet: Tourist Office, Adelboden

GSTAAD

offers you a perfect holiday you'll
always remember

The right place to enjoy walking, motoring, swimming, tennis, fishing. Chair Lift, New Télé-Cab, Mini-Golf, Modern Cinema. Excellent Hotels of every grade. Social Life. Attractive rates up to July 15th and after August 20th.

Children's Homes—Finishing School for Girls.

Ask for free booklets: Tourist Office, Gstaad.

Bönigen

on Lake of Brienz. Lake resort.

Only 5 minutes from INTERLAKEN by rail. Seven hotels. Beach. Furnished apartments.

Camping grounds. Excursions to the Jungfrau Region.

Prospectuses at any Travel Agency

Grindelwald

the famous glacier-village, reached easily
by rail and road. 13 miles from Interlaken.

Mountain Railway to Jungfraujoch and chairlift to "First."

TENNIS—FISHING—SWIMMING

NEW GLACIER GORGE

KANDERSTEG

4,000 feet. On the International Lötschberg
Line with through coaches.

The ideal Centre for your holidays with all facilities for sport and recreation.

Swimming pool. Tennis. Innumerable walks and excursions. Chairlift to Oeschinen. Cable Railway to the Gemmi District. 7 days all in off season from Sfrs. 84. For more information ask for special folder SP 77 through Official Enquiry Office.

Mürren
5,400 ft.

Off the beaten track! In the heart of the Swiss Alps.

A paradise for you and me — a dorado for camera fans.

Tennis, Fishing, Mini-Golf, Sunbathing, Walking, Climbing.
Tourist Office, Mürren.

IVA-ZURICH

The spot to be in

Life has 'Continental' charm at the Imperial, Torquay. Tropical palms, blue skies, your own sunny beach, tennis, squash . . . or just relax in the luxury of Europe's finest seashore hotel. Write for Brochure AU.

The **Imperial**
TORQUAY



Tele: 4301

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER



**Be an expert in
holiday making!**

Consider
flying
SABENA
when
planning your
holiday to the
**FRENCH or ITALIAN
RIVIERA**

When you fly SABENA to NICE, you arrive early afternoon, well in time to make easy connections for the resort of your choice.

Tourist Return Fare from LONDON to

NICE £31.5.0

(Valid 23 days—subject to Government approval)

Remember when booking your holiday, inclusive tour or otherwise, to insist on SABENA for pressurised comfort, courtesy and first class cuisine.

Book through your SABENA Appointed TRAVEL AGENT, who can give you expert advice and offer you advantageous Inclusive Tours

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES

205 Regent Street, London, W.1
Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
Air Terminus, Royal Exchange,
Manchester, 2
147 Bath St., Glasgow, C.2
7a Newhall St., Birmingham, 3

Mayfair 6442
Sloane 3439

Deansgate 6956
City 6018/9
Central 7434/5

SABENA



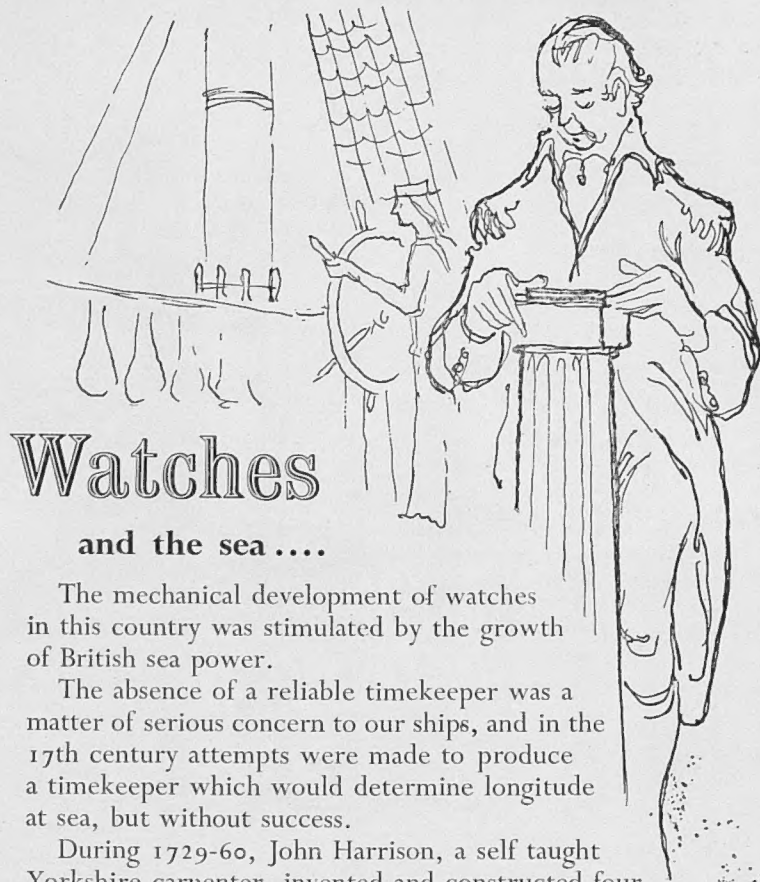
**—cottons groomed
to high fashion**

High-sweeping,
deep-gathered flounce.

White bean-design
on cyclamen, turquoise,
lemon, grey,
sun-tan or
sweet-pea.

Sizes 10 — 16 5 gns.

in **Avon** cottons by **WEMCO**



Watches

and the sea

The mechanical development of watches in this country was stimulated by the growth of British sea power.

The absence of a reliable timekeeper was a matter of serious concern to our ships, and in the 17th century attempts were made to produce a timekeeper which would determine longitude at sea, but without success.

During 1729-60, John Harrison, a self taught Yorkshire carpenter, invented and constructed four marine timekeepers. The fourth of these won an award of £20,000 offered by the British Government for any means of determining a ship's longitude within 30 nautical miles at the end of a six weeks' voyage.

But the men at sea demanded still more accurate timekeeping and it was left to Earnshaw and Arnold, two English watch-makers, in the early days of the 19th century, to develop the marine chronometer as we know it today—basically the same in structure and working as the thoroughly reliable modern watch.

The movement of every Garrard Watch is made to our own specification and examined and tested in our own workshops.

The cases vary from the waterproof steel Watch to a lady's gold or diamond evening Watch.



AUTOMATIC WATCHES STEEL & CHROME

18 CARAT GOLD

Lady's (with calendar) £13. 10. 0 (without calendar) £50. 0. 0

Man's (with calendar) £18. 10. 0 (with calendar) £85. 0. 0

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 TELEPHONE · REGENT 3021



Peter Clark

Jacket of grey Persian lamb. 275 gns.

all that is best in fur at

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

LANgham 4441



Eric Coop

Countess Jellicoe and her family

COUNTESS JELlicoe is seen here with her children : Patrick, Viscount Brocas, aged five, the Hon. Nicholas Jellicoe, aged two, Lady Zara, who is eight, and Lady Alexandra, eleven. Her husband, who is in the Foreign Office, is the son of the famous Admiral of the Fleet of World War One, Earl Jellicoe of Scapa. He was First Secretary at the Embassy in Washington for four years and then in Brussels where he and the Countess made many friends



Betty Swaebø

One of the most brilliant of our younger politicians

MR. C. I. ORR-EWING is the Conservative member for North Hendon and became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Walter Monckton in 1951. He is also Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Air Committee and Consultant Director and Governor of the Imperial College of Science. Here he is seen with his wife and their four sons at their home in Hertfordshire

*Mr. Charles Ian Orr-Ewing,
O.B.E., with his wife and children*

A NAVAL WEDDING IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

CDR. ROBERT DE PASS, R.N., and his bride, Miss Philippa Cobbold, passing a R.N. guard of honour after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom has command of the frigate Loch Ruthven and was formerly Flag Officer to Admiral Earl Mountbatten. He is the son of the late Mr. Harold de Pass and of Mrs. Harold de Pass. His eighteen-year-old bride is the daughter of the late Major Robert Cobbold and of Mrs. Peter Clifton



Social Journal

Jennifer

THREE EASTERTIDE BRIDES

THE "after Lent" rush of weddings has been greater than ever this year, and I was recently invited to three in two days. Firstly there was the marriage of Mr. Victor Waldron to Lady Olivia Taylour, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort. This took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, with the reception in Elsworth Road, the home of the bride's grandmother, Rose Marchioness of Headfort.

The bride looked delightful in a dress of cream brocade with her tulle veil held in place by a circlet of lilies of the valley, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Wendy Newton and Miss Patricia Kyloch, who wore long dresses of aquamarine blue faille with wreaths of flowers in their hair. The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, the latter wearing a cherry red hat with a blue lace dress, received the guests, who were able to stroll on to the lawn where a fountain was playing in the centre and beautiful spring flowers were

growing in the surrounding beds and borders.

Many guests went straight from wishing the bride and bridegroom happiness, in the adjoining room, to see Rose Marchioness of Headfort who, looking charming in a purple dress with a little flowered cap to match, was holding court in her wheel chair. Later she came out on to the lawn to see the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake, and Capt. Charles Moore, the bride's godfather, propose their health.

As the house is not very large and one can never count on a fine day in England, Lord and Lady Headfort did not invite a large number of guests. Among members of the family and close friends I saw there were the bride's brother the Earl of Bective, her uncle Lord William Taylour, a keen archaeologist, who was conversing with Mrs. Marie-Luisa Arnold, her aunt Lady Millicent Taylour in brown printed silk with a black hat, the bridegroom's mother Mrs. Echevarri, Brig. Clive and Lady Lilian Austin, Mr. Martin

Lindsay, M.P., and Mrs. Lindsay with their very pretty daughter Jacynth who was talking to Miss Phyllida Austin, and Col. E. Remington-Hobbs. Also present were the Earl and Countess of Gowrie who only came to the church, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Campbell in a blue silk suit, and her brother Lord Barnby who has just returned from a business trip to America and the West Indies, Sir Charles and Lady Buchanan, Mr. David Lloyd Lowles, talking to Lady Balcon, who is shortly off to Rome with her husband, Sir Michael Balcon, who is attending a film conference there, Irene Brown in her usual scintillating form, and Adrienne Allan in a bright pink coat. The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon in the sunshine of Majorca.

THE second wedding was also at St. James's, Spanish Place, and again, as it was a mixed marriage, the service was very brief. On this occasion Herr Herbert

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Young couple will live in Bavaria

Seitz of Lohr-am-Main, Bavaria, was married to Sir John and Lady Keeling's only daughter, Caroline. The bride, who wore a dress of ivory slipper satin, with the bodice embroidered in pearl and diamanté and a short tulle veil held in place by a Juliet cap of pearls, had a retinue of six children dressed in Bavarian national dress. They were the bridegroom's sister Brigiette Seitz, Sarah Rowbotham, Karen Grayson, Julia French and Charles and James Petrie. Herr Alfred Stumpf was best man.

Sir John and Lady Keeling held the wedding reception at Grosvenor House, where Caroline, who was a débutante only last summer, had her coming-out ball. They received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Herr and Frau Rudolph Seitz.

JOHN, Michael and Brian, the bride's three brothers were all present with their wives and John made a charming short speech when proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, who are going to make their home in Bavaria.

Among the guests I saw Sir Eric and Lady Bowater, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater, their débutante daughter Miss Charlotte Bowater, and Sir Charles and Lady Taylor—the former a very fine helmsman has, I was interested to hear, been invited by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club to sail the new six metre boat they are having built to race against the Americans this summer. His brother, Mr. John Taylor, was also at the wedding, having flown back the previous week from the U.S. and Canada where he has important business interests. He had flown over to spend the weekend with his family skiing in Zermatt and was returning by air to America a few days later.

MISS PHILIPPA COBBOLD, the third bride, was also one of last season's débutantes, she is the lovely daughter of the late Major Robert Cobbold, who was killed in the war, in 1944, and Mrs. Peter Clifton, and

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Rosser were among the guests enjoying this party, for which the cellar had been cleverly converted into an oyster and mussel bar

married Lt.-Cdr. Robert de Pass, R.N., son of the late Mr. Harold de Pass and Mrs. Harold de Pass, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, where exquisite white lilac, lilies and white tulips decorated the church.

The bride chose a dress of off-white brocade with a head-dress of real flowers to hold her tulle veil in place, and carried a bouquet of white freesias and roses. She had a bridal retinue of sixteen, headed by six little girls in



MISS FIONA SPROT is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Sprot, of Chelsea, and formerly of Spott House, E. Lothian. Her mother is giving a dance for her in Scotland at the end of the year

long white organza dresses with blue sashes and white flower head-dresses, and four little pages in sailor suits. They were Georgina and Rose Clifton, Lady Mariota Murray, Penelope Cobbold, Fiona Sharples and Claire Deardem, with David Noble, Ian Lowe and Robin and Martin Gibson-Watt.

Then came six older bridesmaids, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Carolyn Barclay, Miss Sally de Pass, Miss Julietta Wright and Miss Christine Cobbold, who looked charming in long grey-blue silk organza dresses with real flower head-dresses. Mr. Leo de Rothschild was best man.

Miss Jennifer Greenwood and Mr. Martin Aston in conversation on the stairs. The outdoor celebrations were most successful in spite of a slight shower



The bride's stepfather and mother, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter Clifton, the latter very attractive in a dress of gun metal grey and a small pink petal cap, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Harold de Pass, who wore a coral hat with a mushroom-coloured dress, and his uncle, Mr. Alan de Pass.

As the bridegroom has been serving in the Royal Navy and recently took command of his first ship, H.M.S. Loch Ruthven, it was not surprising that there were many members of the Senior Service among the guests. Foremost among these was the new First Sea Lord, Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, on whose staff the bridegroom served in Malta. He was accompanied by Countess Mountbatten and their younger daughter, Pamela.

Other guests who had come to wish the young couple happiness included the bridegroom's aunts Mrs. Patrick Murray and Mrs. Edith Munro Kerr, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, who have been spending a couple of months in their delightful house in Jamaica, which they designed themselves, Cdr. and Mrs. Allan Noble, General Sir Brian and Lady Robertson, Lady Abertay, Mrs. Henry Wilkins, very chic in a gun-metal grey wild silk dress, the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu, Lady Grant-Lawson talking to Cdr. Brockman and his wife, who were stationed out in Malta at the same time as the Grant-Lawsons, Mr. Billy Wallace, Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, Mrs. Paul White-Thomson, the Earl of Lanesborough, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, Mrs. Alan de Pass and her débutante daughter Jill, and Viscountess Cowdray. The bride's uncle, Major David Gibson-Watt, proposed the health of the young couple after they had cut their wedding cake with the bridegroom's sword.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends in Rome I heard of the first hunt ball to take place there since the war. It was held in the Excelsior Hotel and attended by over 250 guests, many of whom gave dinner parties for the event. The present master of the Roman Hunt is Count Ranieri di Campello, a fine horseman, who is coming to England for the European

Mr. Michael Blair and Miss Jill Simpson were having an animated discussion, and enjoying the facilities of the original and attractive cellar oyster bar



Horse Trials at Windsor, from May 18-21, and will be the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle. For the past two seasons he has had Jack King, previously first whipper-in to the Warwickshire, as huntsman.

The hunt was founded over a hundred years ago by the Lord Chesterfield of the day and, despite interruptions by war, is still carried on with the utmost keenness. They have thirty-seven couples of hounds and are deeply grateful for recent gifts from a number of English packs.

Among those who came to the ball were Count Lanfranco di Campello, who brought a big party, Prince and Princess Aldobrandini, the latter very handsome in black, the Prince and Princess di Venosa, the Marchese Medici Tornaquinci, who gave a big dinner party with Don Paolo Torlonia at the Circolo della Caccia, Prince and Princess di Belmonte, the Duke Caracciolo di Medito, the Marchese Claudia Patrizi in black, the Contessa Rattazzi, Count and Countess Rudi Crespi, and Miss Jennifer Burrows in white lace, who was one of the very few English guests. She came in Count Lanfranco di Campello's party with her parents, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, and enjoyed several good hunts during her stay in Rome.

Others at this ball which was, I hear, the greatest fun and went on until the early hours of the morning included Contessa Maria Sole di Campello who wore a magnificent emerald and diamond necklace with her black dress, Sir Douglas Howard, Minister to the Vatican, Donna Alessandra Torlonia, looking very lovely in white satin and tulle, Don Marcello and Donna Cyprienne del Drago, the latter in pale blue satin, Donna Mary Colonna, very attractive in a rust coloured dress, Princess Luciana Pignatelli and the Duke Riario Sforza.

A few days later the hunt held their point-to-point over a course around the kennels, which formed a splendid central grandstand.

★ ★ ★

I WENT in for a short while to a most enjoyable fork luncheon party which was given by Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones for her débutante daughter Jill Benton-Jones. This took place in the Park Suite of the Dorchester,

[Continued overleaf



OYSTERS AND MUSSELS AT A "21ST" PARTY

MR. and Mrs. S. Montague Roberts gave a coming of age party for their son, Roger, at their home in Edenbridge, Kent. The celebrations included a barbecue. Above: Miss Deirdre Jackson, Mr. Dickie Thompson, Mr. Roger Roberts, Mr. John Hignett and Miss Sonia Lewis

Mr. Patrick D. Higson, Miss Donna Barnes and Mr. Robert Hicks were among the 150 guests who attended this very successful birthday celebration



Mr. Philip Hicks, Miss Nina Rekstin and Mr. Keith Mackenzie. The birthday cake was horseshoe shaped, for Mr. Roger Roberts is a keen point-to-point rider



Mr. Jim Fowers, Miss Jennifer Nightingall and Miss Alison Mackenzie were chatting together. Standing behind them is Mr. John Langlands

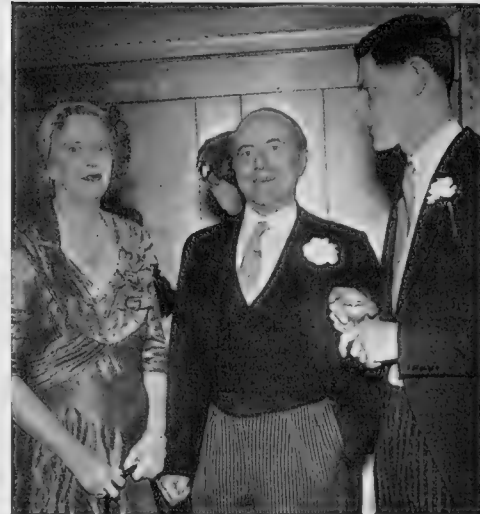




Mr. D. O'Gorman, uncle of the bride, Mrs. H. Chignell and Mrs. H. C. Stephens, the bride's mother, were chatting at the Claridge's reception



The bride, Miss Eve Stephens, who is Evelyn Anthony the novelist, and her husband, Mr. Michael Ward Thomas, son of the late Mr. R. W. Thomas



Swatche

Mrs. Michael Bowles, of Duchess of Bedford Walk, mother of the bridegroom, with her husband and Mr. Michael Chignell, nephew of the bride

Wedding of a lady novelist at St. James's, Spanish Place

Continuing The Social Journal

An all-débutante luncheon party

and young guests who numbered about thirty were all débutantes, no parents being present. Jill, who is one of the most attractive girls coming out this season, was a wonderful little hostess and took the greatest care to introduce all the girls who did not know each other. Pinned on her red dress was an enchanting little fern leaf brooch made of gold and diamonds, which her father recently gave her to commemorate her presentation to the Queen at one of the parties at Buckingham Palace.

The young guests sat at small tables of four and six around the room, and circulated to have their coffee with a different group of friends. The girls present included Miss Charlotte Bowater and her cousin Miss Polly Eccles, sitting at a table with Miss Virginia Llewellyn, and the Hon. Sandra Monson who was in grey. Miss Penelope Hanbury was at another table with Miss Ella Grimston and Miss Penelope Musker. The Hon. Caroline Hawke was giving news of her baby sister, Lord and Lady Hawke's seventh daughter, who was born at the beginning of this month. I met Miss Flora Olivier, Miss Camilla Roberts, Miss Mary-Dawn Illingworth, Miss Verity Lawrence and Miss Jennifer Chaytor, who were all in high spirits and full of enthusiasm for their forthcoming season.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE just heard from Lady Daphne Straight that she has changed the date and the place of the dance she is giving for her daughter, Miss Camilla Straight. It is now to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on Tuesday, May 31.

★ ★ ★

SELDOM do I go to a play of which I think and speak frequently, not only the next day but the next week. Ever since I saw *The Bad Seed* at the Aldwych Theatre, however, this has been the case. Maxwell Anderson's play, from the novel by William March, in which Diana Wynyard, Margalo Gillmore and Malcolm Keen play the leading parts,

certainly lives up to its description of "thrilling, gripping and dramatic," and I have not enjoyed an evening in the theatre so much for a long time.

Among the audience who gave it a big reception on the opening night were Joyce Carey, Adrienne Allan and her débutante daughter Miss Anna Massey, Lady Millicent Taylour, Miss Gladys Calthrop, Lord and Lady Gifford, Mrs. Eric Gibbs and Mr. Bill O'Brien.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to Phyllis Court Club at Henley-on-Thames for a very successful ball held in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and the County Playing Fields Association of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. This was attended by over four hundred guests, who besides dancing enjoyed a splendid tombola, very ably run by Mr. Richard May, and upstairs an oyster bar with a very clever décor.

Capt. H. J. Pulein-Thompson, chairman of the committee running the ball, was there with his wife and daughter and had Yvonne Mitchell in their party. Patricia Viscountess Hambleden had a party at a nearby table



Clayton Evans

MISS ALEXANDRA WELCH, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Welch, of Washington, Sussex, was presented in March. Her mother is giving a cocktail party for her on May 6 at Londonderry House, and later a dance in the country

including her younger daughter, the Hon. Katharine Smith, one of the few young people who dances a Charleston well, also the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor, the latter in a full-skirted dress of finest printed black and gold gauze, and Col. and Mrs. Peter Fleming.

The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme, another member of the committee, who looked charming in a pastel brocade and faille dress with a pearl and diamond cross at her neck, brought a party including the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay, the latter very pretty in a spotted organza dress, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. Etherton, the Hon. George Borwick and Col. Richard Pears.

At another table with a big party was Mrs. F. T. Bigland, who was responsible for the lovely floral arrangements throughout the club. Others at the ball included Lord and Lady Rathcreedan, Lord Remnant, Lord Carrington, Sir Felix and Lady Brunner, Mr. Gully Nickalls, Col. and Mrs. Pragnall and Miss Angela Stephenson with Mr. Patrick Gibb, who have recently announced their engagement.

★ ★ ★

THE Society of Women Journalists recently organized a lunch hour meeting with light refreshments in the Stationer's Hall. The speaker was Mrs. Gerald Legge, who spoke on "The Importance Of Women Journalists." I had heard that she was a good speaker and some years ago had gained a first prize at the School of Dramatic Art for it, but I had no idea she was so outstandingly good. For twenty-five minutes Mrs. Legge spoke, without a single note, clearly and audibly, never straying from the subject, always making her point, and evincing a most surprising command of the English language.

When she arrived, looking extremely pretty in a long sleeved black dress with a little aquamarine blue velvet cap, she told me she was rather nervous as she felt she must have a very critical audience. She need have had no fears, for everyone present, none of whom had heard her speak in public before, was impressed, and realized that this lovely young married—who is more often thought of as a social beauty than as Councillor of the City of Westminster—is also very intelligent and devotes much of her time to the more serious side of life.

★ ★ ★

THE Pied Piper Ball takes place at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 12, and is in aid of the Chelsea Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. Mrs. John Ward is chairman and Princess

Margaret has kindly promised to be present. Mrs. Rupert De Zoete and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston are deputy chairmen, and Lady Gibson and the Dowager Lady Grant vice-chairmen.

There are some wonderful prizes to be won at this ball, including two return air passages to Paris, an Electrolux suction cleaner, a 21 piece tea service, a Horrockses dress and a pair of bedside lamps. Tickets, at the reasonable price of two guineas including supper, can be obtained from Mrs. John Ward, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

FOR your "after dark" diary here are two dates to note. First May 10, when the British-Italian Society is holding a dinner and dance at the Savoy. This will be more for the young marrieds than the very young as it is the same night as the Queen Charlotte's Ball for débutantes at Grosvenor House.

The Presidents of this British-Italian Ball are the Italian Ambassador, Count Vittorio Zoppi, the British Ambassador in Rome and Lady Ashley Clarke, and the Earl and Countess of Harewood. The chairman is Mrs. John Wyndham, from whom tickets may be obtained at the British-Italian Society, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1.

Lady Fairfax is chairman of the City Dinner Appeal to be held at the Fishmongers' Hall on June 22. This is to raise funds for Gosfield Hall, which is to be opened as a residential nursing home with hospital facilities for aged, sick and infirm men and women who have a little money but not enough to give them the care and security they need in their old age. Tickets for this dinner from Lady Fairfax, 114 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

★ ★ ★

MRS. ALAN DE PASS gave a very enjoyable cocktail party for her débutante daughter Jill in Almoner's House, St. James's Court. Mr. de Pass was there to help his wife with their young guests, as was their elder and also very pretty daughter Sally. Among the young people enjoying themselves I saw Miss Mary Coldstream, Miss Kirsty Dundas, Miss Vivien Gresham-Cooke and Miss Tessa Bridgeman, who all attended the Queen's presentation parties in March. Also Mr. John Currie, who is studying hard to be a doctor, Mr. Tom Kitson, who is a cousin of Jill and Sally de Pass, Mr. Peter Currie, Mr. Paul Nicholson, who told me he was now working in the family wine business, Miss Marianne Engberg, a young Danish friend, and Mr. Richard and Mr. Michael Hadcock.

The following evening I went in for a short time to the cocktail party which Mrs. Guy Lawrence and Mr. James Liddell-Simpson gave for Miss Verity Lawrence at Mr. Liddell-Simpson's nice house in Wilton Place. Here was a great gathering of girls who are making their début this year, and numerous young men, including Mr. Arthur Johnston, who brought his very pretty sister Rosemary who has just returned from finishing in Brussels, Mr. Tom Thornton, Mr. Christopher Hartley, Miss Penelope Hanbury, and Mr. Jamie Judd, talking to Miss Penelope Ansley, who looked very neat indeed.

Also Mr. Peter Stormonth Darling and his cousin Mr. John Kemp-Welch, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss Elizabeth Gage, Miss Ruth Huggins, Mr. John Adams and Miss Susan Milburn. Mr. Guy Lawrence was busy dispensing hospitality to his daughter's young friends. There were very few older guests there, the exceptions including Mr. Dick Wilkins, the Countess of Listowel and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton.



THREE COUNTIES JOINED IN A BALL

THE National Playing Fields Association, and the County Playing Fields Association of Berks, Bucks and Oxon, gave a ball at Henley-on-Thames. Above: Vice-Admiral Norman, Patricia Lady Hambleden and Miss Pauline Kennedy



The Earl of Ronaldshay returning from the tombola with the Hon. Mrs. S. Skyrme, a member of the ball committee



Capt. H. J. Pullein-Thompson, M.C., chairman of the ball committee, was here with Miss Yvonne Mitchell, the actress



Lord and Lady Rathcreedan, Mrs. Peter Fleming (Celia Johnson, the actress) and Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh were having supper together

Van Hallan



W. H. Carr, riding
H.M. the Queen's
classic hope Alexander,
an Alycidon
colt, which won the
Two Thousand
Guineas Trial
Stakes at Kempton.

MARKING THE CARD FOR THE CLASSICS

JOHN RICKMAN, author of this article, considers the various credentials of the main contestants for the classic honours in the 1955 flat racing season. Since the war, he has made his mark as a racing columnist. He has undertaken several paddock commentaries for B.B.C. Television and recently made his first personal appearance on TV, following a flying visit to Ireland in search of news and views on the season's classic races, the first of which—the Two Thousand Guineas—is run at Newmarket today

A SEASON of racing at Newmarket is like marriage, a cynic once told me. It opens among the blue, sparkling days of spring when peach and almond blossom adorn the high walls of this historic town, when times and talk are exciting, when so much is new and there is so much to learn. "It's a thrill. But by the time you've been through the whole routine of eight meetings, winding up with the Houghton Meeting in late October in damp and cold weather you'll have had enough of it, my lad. Yes, you'll have had enough." So my cynical friend assured me.

I have never been able to agree with him. The simile is hardly fair; we will say no more about it. But what is true is the undeniable thrill of those first two meetings of the season at Newmarket when we watch anxiously for guidance on matters classic.

THE Two Thousand run today and the One Thousand, exclusively for fillies, run on Friday, completely absorb us. Or do they? The Derby and the Oaks (for fillies) both run over a mile and a half at Epsom on May 25 and 27 respectively, always lurk in the background of Guineas calculations. How often do we hear: "I cannot see him winning the Guineas but he could be just the horse for the longer Epsom race."

And so it is this week. We have the Guineas, but we are constantly keeping our eyes on Epsom. Thus the first four of the season's five classics are very much bound up with each other.

I have noticed that the longer we go racing, the more we are inclined to be harder to please. A crop of three-year-olds that would once have delighted us is now dismissed as a "moderate lot." What is heartening is that (more often than not) out of a so-called "moderate lot" there emerges a good horse or two.

At this stage it would be folly for me even to begin to suggest that this year's crop of three-year-olds is moderate. As I write, not a classic has been run and there are very definite hopes that we may have two or three outstanding horses, not only with which to make Turf history, but to thrash invaders from France and Ireland, welcome as these are.

Those of you who have followed the fortunes of the Turf since the war will remember an outstanding racehorse owned by Lord Derby (and now at stud) called Alycidon. The nearest he got to winning a classic was to be runner-up to Black Tarquin in the 1948 St. Leger which is the fifth and final classic of the year run in September at Doncaster. In 1949 he really came into his own as a racehorse, for he accomplished something which no horse had done for many, many years. He won those great tests

for stayers, the Ascot, Goodwood and Doncaster Cups. These races are all more than two miles in length. Many thought that because he had proved himself such an out and out stayer Alycidon would be unlikely to sire fast horses.

Already it looks as if such a supposition is entirely false for some of our best three-year-olds in this season's classics are sired by Alycidon. And it could be that our number one hope is an own brother of Alycidon. His name is Acropolis. He is by Donatello II out of a mare called Aurora, a daughter of one of the most famous racehorses of our century—Hyperion. Acropolis was bred by the Stanley Stud and is owned by Alice Lady Derby, grandmother of the present earl.

I SAW this grand-looking chestnut horse, trained by Mr. George Colling at Newmarket, win at York last season. The colt later went to Stockton where he won again. This was his third and last race of the season. He did not beat very strong opposition but he won like a good horse on each occasion. His trainer is most satisfied with the manner in which he has prospered in the last two months. I understand that it was not originally intended to run him in the Guineas but he has done so well (including his victory over a mile at Thirsk on April 16) that he takes his chance over Newmarket's famous Rowley Mile. Come what

may in the Guineas it appears at this stage that Acropolis has the makings of a good horse and one that may carry many a punter's shilling or half-crown at Epsom on Derby Day.

Young Lord Porchester, son and heir of the Earl of Carnarvon, lives in great hopes that his colt Tamerlane, named after a Mongol Emperor, may win or run extremely well in one or more of the classics. Tamerlane, who is by Persian Gulf (son of the 1935 Derby winner Bahram) and out of Eastern Empress, a daughter of Nearco, a horse whose influence on British bloodstock has been profound, cost only 4,500 guineas. Only 4,500 guineas? Yes, for should he win a classic or an important three-year-old race this year he will have proved a cheap racehorse, for he won more than his purchase price in stakes last year.

HE failed only once last season to produce good form. That was when he was sent over to race at Deauville. What went wrong is not generally known, but I think it may be wiser in the long run to overlook this lapse. After all, it was his first visit to the fair land of France and some of us in similar circumstances have fallen by the wayside. Speed is close up in Tamerlane's pedigree on his mother's side. He may not get stamina from that quarter, but it could come to him from his father. Tamerlane won his first race of the season by six lengths at Stockton the other day.

It is always rather disappointing (particularly so for the owner!) when the best two-year-old of one season does not come up to expectations as a three-year-old. As I write, the future of Our Babu, just about the best colt last season, is in the balance. He gave a rather lifeless display when beaten by the Queen's Alycidon colt (Alexander runs in the Guineas and Derby, all being well) at Kempton at Easter. So often these early season failures are due to lack of condition, but in this case Our Babu looked fit enough. I find I cannot be downright about him for I feel it would be sensible to give him a chance to redeem his reputation. He has that chance in the Guineas and possibly the Derby, a race that may be too far for him.

MR. DAVID ROBINSON, his owner, lives at the Rupert Brooke village of Grantchester, near Cambridge. His wife owns My Smokey, a possible classic three-year-old. I rate the Robinsons just about the luckiest husband and wife owners in racing today. Our Babu cost 2,700 gns. and My Smokey 1,400 gns. Between them this pair of colts won several times their cost price last season.

Mr. Jack Gerber has considerable racing interests in this country and in South Africa owns a very nice colt in Royal Palm. I expect him to do very well in the Guineas but he seems bred on lines more suited to sprinting than those required for the Derby. Don't lose sight of him. I expect him to win a good race or two this season even if he fails in the Guineas.

The withdrawal of the Aga Khan's horses from English racing stables last year was big

news, but in a way the inference drawn was false. He will probably have horses here in the future and just look out that he does not win this year's Epsom Derby and you find you are not looking! He has a horse called Hafiz II, who won recently in France over a mile and a quarter. Many believe that this son of Nearco and Double Rose could win this wonderful old man his sixth Derby. I have not seen the horse but something tells me to be prepared. The Aga Khan also has a staying horse called Shikar II in the Derby.

BEAU PRINCE II is a real threat from France both in the Guineas and the Derby. He was a good two-year-old—one of the best—and he has already shown his well-being this year by winning over a mile, beating charming Mme. Couturié's Soleil Royal, who is another promised visitor for the Two Thousand Guineas. He is not engaged in the Derby.

Mr. Ralph B. Strassburger's Americ has already won in France this season and is expected to do battle at Newmarket and Epsom. Incidentally, the French (or some of them!) are very cocky about their chances in the Guineas.

M. Marcel Boussac, a great power in international racing, has at least a score of entries in our classics. Just how things will work I am not in a position to say as plans may be changed. However, I do not expect that we shall see the orange jacket and grey cap in the Two Thousand Guineas, but if his ex-English jockey and now trainer Charles Elliott sends a Boussac colt for the Derby you can be sure it will run well.

I SAW Irish owner Mr. Joe McGrath's Ballymartial beat one-time Derby hope, Lady Ursula Vernon's Hugh Luprus, by six lengths at the Curragh, on April 2. Hugh Lupus, one of the winter favourites for the

Derby, lost popularity as a result of this defeat. I flew back from Ireland that night with his jockey, Rae Johnstone, who was fifty on April 13. Rae was inclined to give the colt another chance and reminded me that he did not really strike form as a two-year-old until the 1954 season was well in progress.

That may well be, but I and one or two others who saw him made a mental note that he would have to do much better and improve a lot in appearance before we could picture him in the winner's enclosure at Newmarket or Epsom. Incidentally, Ballymartial's stable companion, Flying Story, is said to be the better. If that is the case then Ireland will win the Guineas. All the same I shall stand by Tamerlane and Acropolis for the Guineas and the Derby, and add Mr. J. Ortey-Patino's Newmarket-trained Solarium as another bright prospect for the Epsom classic.

Among the fillies I restrict myself to Lady Zia Wernher's Meld and Mrs. R. Digby's Gloria Nicky, both daughters of Alycidon. Between them they may win the Guineas and the Oaks with M. François Dupre's Reinata a big danger in the Guineas. And the St. Leger? That is too far off. All the same, Acropolis could be the answer to that!



Tamerlane by Persian Gulf out of Eastern Empress and owned by Lord Porchester, with A. Breasley up



Lord Porchester, son of the Earl of Carnarvon, and owner of Tamerlane



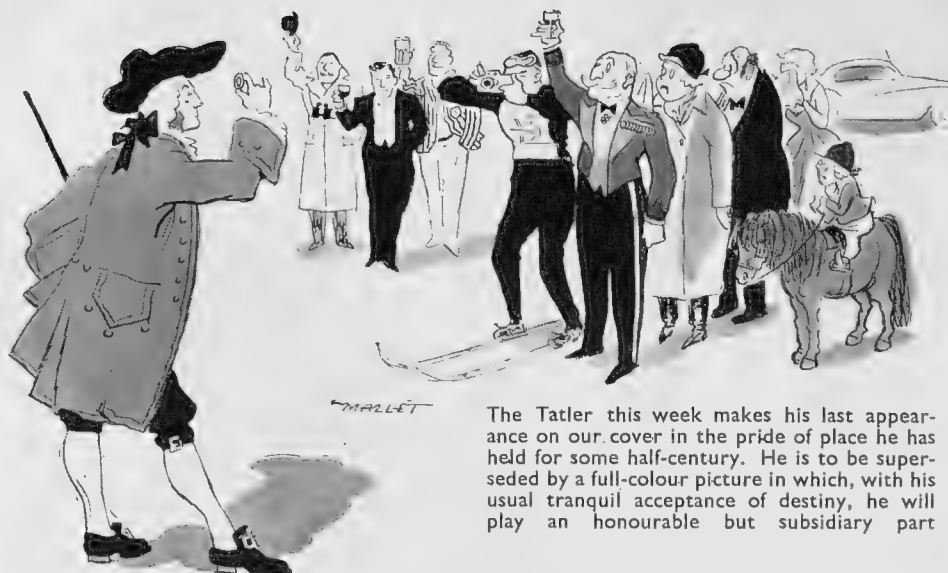
Mr. David Robinson's Our Babu, which cost 2,700 guineas as a yearling, and was rated the best two-year-old in 1954



Mr. J. S. Gerber's Royal Palm, fancied to run well in the Two Thousand Guineas

Roundabout

Paul Holt



The Tatler this week makes his last appearance on our cover in the pride of place he has held for some half-century. He is to be superseded by a full-colour picture in which, with his usual tranquil acceptance of destiny, he will play an honourable but subsidiary part

TURN back for a moment, if you will, to the cover page to contemplate the magnificent figure of the Tatler. Right foot forward, body poised in an attitude of relaxed anticipation. On his face an expression both wary and supercilious as he awaits the morning's encounter with the world.

Who knows, he might meet a cad, or be bored by a macaroni.

Look well on this famous fellow, for you will see him thus no more. Next week he will be reproduced no larger than a postage-stamp, for the cover is to be a delight of colour and the gaiety of living.

I must give a valedictory.

The original Tatler was one of the great personalities of the eighteenth century, Dick Steele, described as "The Dusky Irishman, round and rubicund, with a face like a bannock . . . whose chops were a smudge of blue, whose nose was the very masque of comedy . . . with humour in his long upper lip and mettle in his set underlip."

Dick, loved by the whole town, was more than an essayist. He revolutionized the art of journalism; for by this column, which his humble successor struggles to write today, he both invented the magic of Gossip and the high-paramount importance of Women.

In the first issue, April 12, 1709, distributed free to the coffee houses, and later sold for 1d., he wrote "I have also resolved to have something which may be of entertainment to the Fair Sex, in honour of whom I have taken the title of this paper."

Dick was prompted in this by the knowledge that in those days the population of London was in the ratio of four women to one man. (I wonder what it is now?)

It was hard to get copy out of Dick. A note to his darling wife, Prue, from the Devil's Tavern, Charing Cross:

"If the printer's boy be at home send him hither and send by the boy my nightgown, slippers and clean linen."

Dick loved Prue dearly. She was a lovely, lazy copper-head who spent most of the day in curlpapers and a yellow

négligé, yet though Dick urged her to dress to flatter him Prue had an argument on her side.

For the fact is he seems rarely to have gone home when expected and when she wrote him to send her a thousand pounds he replied: "I send you seven-pennyworth of walnuts, which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being with my whole heart, Yours. P.S. There are but 29 walnuts."

Yet he was always pleading "Pray, Prue, look a little dressed and be beautiful" and "I desire that you

have nothing else to do but to be a darling, the way to which is always to be in a good humour." The nearest he ever got to scolding was "Rising a little in the morning . . . would not be amiss." Marriage he considered a condition "Snug, if not rapturous."

Poor Prue, hot-tempered yet shy, was always getting notes like this "If you do not hear from me by three tomorrow afternoon, believe I am too fuddled to take care to observe your orders," and, from a sponging house into which he had been thrown for debts: "I am doing my business and can't come home to dinner; but stay to come home more cheerfully."

IN a masculine age Dick approved of women. "'Tis a senseless imagination to suppose that the business of human life is to be carried on with an exclusion of half the species," he wrote in *The Tatler*.

His wife, who knew something of Dick's concept of the business of human life, always signed her notes to him—"Dear sir, in all things reasonable Yr obedient wife."

It was the age of the South Sea Bubble and everybody had their own invention to peddle. Dick sought the Philosopher's Stone, became a bore about his passion to bring live fish up the Thames in tanks so that they might be served fresh from killing to the customers—at Vauxhall Gardens. And so vociferously did he plead the plan that on his appearance the company would murmur "fish" as a warning. One wag persuaded him to drop the subject, arguing that the fish would get sea-sick on the way.

HE could gloss over his embarrassments with gusto, almost glee. When Prue and he were entertaining important guests their house in Bury Street was stuffy with bailiffs.

By the device lately adopted by Ian Hay in the play *Tilly Of Bloomsbury* he dressed them all as footmen.

An inquisitive nobleman asked how he could afford to keep such an establishment.

"I should willingly be rid of them," replied the cheerful Dick, "but they are all bailiffs. I thought it convenient to



"A young Guardee sauntering down St. James's Street . . ."

embellish them with liveries, that they may do me honour while they stay." The guests took up a collection and discharged the debt.

The accolade of knighthood he thought became him well. But the honour was not to take him away from his favourite subject. "The Order of Knighthood was first intended for persons eminent for their love of the fair sex . . ." he wrote. "A knight-bachelor ought to be valiant, honest, faithful, discreet and well dressed."

His biographer, Willard Connely, remarks: "Love of the Fair Sex: He had discovered Women for the English people. Valour: He was a soldier of the crown until the life palled on him. Honesty: He repudiated no bills, merely postponed payment. Discretion: Flashes of it illuminated his imprudence. Dress: The very motive of his life."

Dear Dick.

★ ★ ★

WHENEVER I see a young Guardee sauntering down St. James's Street with his bowler on the bridge of his nose and a rolled umbrella swinging idly in his right hand, I am reminded of the concern of the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War.

At that date umbrellas were all the rage and the Duke, a general officer ferocious for discipline, issued this order:

"The Guards may in uniform, when on duty at St. James's carry them if they please, but in the field it is not only ridiculous but unmilitary."

Yet the Guards Armoured Div. were devoted to the broolly in battle. Nothing better to hold over your head when standing up in a tank turret on the way to "a party" down the road.

★ ★ ★

I OVERHEARD two small boys talking by the Round Pond in Kensington. They were, I should guess, ten and seven. They had jam jars and nets and had collected a good tally of sticklebacks.

The elder said: "Of course, I think they *should* get divorced. It would be better if they did it of their own free will. After all, they are fond of each other."

The smaller nodded and they wandered off to the ice-cream wagon.

Their own free will. When does the time limit for that expire? When do these little monsters take matters into their own hands?

★ ★ ★

WE are entering an age of Split-it-in-half.

The country is split in half. In politics, on the efficiency of the Jockey Club, on the Churchill portrait, on whether Benjamin Britten should rank as a musician in his own right, or be called a pretty copyist, on the affair at Criche Down, those who were glad to be without newspapers and those who missed their crossword.

My salary is split in half.

The world, come to think of it, is split in half.

Pass me an apple.



MRS. GERALD LEGGE, here arrayed as the very Portia of the Westminster City Council, may perhaps be considered as the fine flower of women's suffrage, conquering regions Mrs. Pankhurst never knew in a manner that would have astonished that pioneer. Her brisk irruption into the domestic affairs of London Airport has resulted, travellers swear, in an aggressive cleanliness there rivalling that of a Guards' depot, and her healthful influence may be expected to exert itself in many other spheres where a thin film of dust normally goes unregarded. Such activities conjure up a slightly formidable picture, but, in fact, they are combined with an ineluctable charm which brings the photographers scurrying as moths to a candle. Lately, Mrs. Legge has emerged as a TV personality and public speaker, and when (following the example of her talented mother, Barbara Cartland) the time comes for her to write a book, the literary idols of the day may well look with concern to their pedestals

VETERAN FLYERS MET IN DURBAN

THE R.F.C.-R.N.A.S. Reunion Dinner, given at Durban, Natal, to celebrate the fusion of the two Services into the R.A.F. in April, 1918, was the occasion for the meeting of many veteran pilots at the Airforce Club. Here, beneath a picture of the Queen, were Col. A. H. K. Jopp, D.S.O., Col. J. Davis, C.B.E., Major E. R. Cossar (all R.F.C.), Air Vice-Marshal Sir Leslie Brown, K.C.B. (R.N.A.S.), Lt.-Col. G. G. Campbell (R.F.C.), G/Capt. F. A. Norton, C.B.E. (R.N.A.S.)



DINING IN

King of kidneys

—Helen Burke

UNTIL recently one had to be on very good terms with the butcher in order to get a veal kidney, because he is always reluctant to remove it from the loin. Of late, however, especially in those shops where the meat is cut to suit Continental customers, I have been lucky enough to pick up whole ones—of a pretty good size, too. In this country, calf is turned into veal at an earlier age than on the Continent, so that, when I find a really good-sized kidney, I am pleased indeed.

Soon now more veal should be available.

What would be your favourite way of cooking a veal kidney? Well, there is one way which some connoisseurs claim to be better than any other, and that is to leave on all or most of the wonderful suet fat which encases it and then roast it. A very good way, too. Do not over-cook it. Give it what you are certain is long enough, no more. Cut the crisped surface through in half, place a nice small nut of *maitre d'hôtel* butter on each, and serve with the butter just beginning to melt.

Save, for frying purposes, the beautiful fat which runs from the kidney, for it is very choice.

PERHAPS you prefer grilled veal kidney? I think I do. Remove most of the fat, but leave enough to help to baste the kidney as it grills. Cut the kidney almost through, leaving just enough to act as a "hinge." Brush the cut side with melted butter and grill it first, to seal in the juices, then grill the fat-coated side. It will become beautifully crisp and brown. Serve with *maitre d'hôtel* butter, as above. A small kidney is better if left whole.

Sautéed kidneys can be delicious and, if accompanied by a little Madeira sauce, are a dish to remember. The more you cook them the less likely are they to be as soft and tender as you would wish. Even a little over-cooking hardens them unbelievably.

Here is what to do: Remove the fat and cut a fair-sized kidney into less than ½-in. slices. Fry them as quickly as possible in a nice piece of butter, without burning them. For this, I like to

use a pan large enough to take all the slices in one layer and to turn them as quickly as I may.

Dish them on to a hot entrée dish and keep them hot, without covering them, because condensed steam would be certain to toughen them.

To the pan, add a tablespoon or so of Madeira, a little lemon juice, some chopped parsley and a little more butter, with seasoning to taste. Rub these around the pan to get off the rich and flavour-some residue. Pour over the kidneys and serve.

FOR a change, sprinkle a little paprika into the pan, after transferring the kidney to the entrée dish, then add the Madeira or, if you prefer it, sherry and a tablespoon or two of cream. Boil up, rub the goodness from the pan and, if necessary, strain the creamy paprika sauce over the kidneys and serve at once.

Seasoning? You will notice that I have not seasoned the kidneys. This is because I believe that kidneys should be seasoned after they are cooked, as salt makes them so wet.



DINING OUT

Lesson in deportment

THE other day I was asked by a rather irate gentleman, whose favourite meal for breakfast, lunch or dinner is cold beef and a pint of beer, to explain: "What the devil is a gastronome?" Copies of *La Journée Vinicole* which I have just received have some ideas on the subject and devote a considerable amount of front page space to the

answer to his question. Possibly the translation is responsible for their extreme naïveté.

I quote Jean Valby, Chancelier de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs:

To be a gastronome in the twentieth century is first of all to eat only to satisfy one's hunger and to drink only to quench one's thirst.

It is to desire only good things, well prepared, and to drink only liquids of quality giving entire satisfaction not only to the stomach but to a delicate palate.

To be a gastronome is also to be a good liver, sociable, amiable. To be a gastronome is to conduct oneself properly at table, not hinder one's neighbours, to speak only of things about which one knows, not to smoke between dishes and not before coffee.

To be a gastronome is to seek harmony, to love what is good and beautiful, to be refined.

HERE also is, in part, their correspondent, Pierre Andrieu's, dissertation on the subject:

Do you like to take your meal seated comfortably, to drink your wine out of a thin glass, set on a tablecloth that is absolutely clean, with dishes bright, and the transparency of porcelain for your coffee cup, a table well laid and a service without pretension but diligent?

You are a gastronome.

On the other hand, do you like to dine to music, to dance between services. Do you confuse *épaule de porc filandreuse* with real ham, extra fine green peas with "regenerated" peas, wine from Gamay with that from Pinot, and common alcohol from a distillation of wine?

Do you like the snackbar and the roadside quick-service restaurant, café with the *Château-briand béarnaise*, and chocolate with the *sole Normande*? Then you are NOT a gastronome.

(I should think not!)

ALL this may appear to be superfluous and it is perhaps surprising to find it on the front page of a French paper dealing exclusively with good living in 1955. I do, however, consider that it should be included in every schoolboy primer. Anyway, it makes amusing reading and certainly clears up any doubt on the matter. It is quite obvious that if you stick to all the rules you will not only be a gastronome but a model of all the virtues.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINNER-DANCE AT LEWES TO AID SUSSEX CHARITY

A MOST successful dinner-dance was held at the historic White Hart Hotel, in Lewes, to help the funds of the East Sussex County Housing Association for the Aged, the President of which is the Marchioness of Abergavenny, who brought a party



Miss Anne Evans sitting out a dance with Mr. Jeremy Lywood. The ancient hostelry where the event was held was a private house until the eighteenth century



Lord Monk Bretton, who lives at Conyboro near Lewes, where he farms, was talking to Miss Jane Glyn-Davies during a short break in the programme of dancing



The Marchioness of Abergavenny was drawing the numbers of the winners of some very acceptable gifts which had been specially donated for this good charity



Lord Manton and Lady Manton (right), who came over from their attractive home, Plumpton Place, near Lewes, were chatting to another guest, Mrs. Fred Thompson

Gabor Denes

*Priscilla in Paris***Companion
of honour**

A "PAUSE in the day's occupation," a tangible hush, and Paris reluctantly listened to the expected announcement that it hated to hear! At a tea-party where I happened to be, the news was received with the down-cast silence that greets the inevitable. Our hostess turned off the radio and we spoke, absent-mindedly, of other things.

Even a down-and-out made his little gesture. I noticed him as he scuffled dustily down the Champs Elysées in front of me. At the Rond-Point he stopped and eyed the display of a news-stand. Pictures of the great statesman filled the front page of every paper and magazine. The tramp seemed fascinated by them.

A passer-by threw away the 2-in. stub of his cigar as he ran down the Metro steps. The tramp picked it up: it was still burning. He put it in his mouth and inhaled luxuriously. At that moment he caught my eye . . . and I smiled. He grinned back, raised the piece of decrepit felt that was his hat, made the Victory sign and walked on.

PARIS has been looking very lovely these days, all decked out with the floral fripperies that the municipal gardeners punctually produce for spring. The tulips of the Place du Carrousel are flaming *parterres*, the Luxembourg and Tuileries Gardens are in Technicolor, and the fountains playing in the sunshine—somewhat uncertain, the sunshine!—are casting a golden spray on the pavements, since there is a cool breeze that tempers our illusions about spring-at-last.

This is a drowsy interlude, however. The residential quarters are deserted. The urbanites have fled, but they have been replaced, at sightseeing centres, by vast multitudes of provincial cousins and the usual quota of foreign visitors. Young people from over the water bring gaiety and colour—certain school caps and blazers vie with the flower-beds—to the café tables on the sidewalks.

WE are a little worried about these same young visitors! We agree with the City Fathers who have belatedly discovered that far too many "black" films are being shown in Paris. We find slight consolation in the fact that some of the titles (such as *Razzia sur la Chnouf*, by Henri Decoin, starring Jean Gabin) are entirely incomprehensible to strangers, young or old, who consult their pocket dictionaries in vain. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the "stills" and posters outside the cinemas are so explicit that it is moderately easy to manage without the book of words.

SIR GLADWYN JEBB, G.C.M.G., C.B., was appointed British Ambassador in Paris last year. Before that he was this country's Permanent Representative at the United Nations for four years, where his brilliant speaking was an important factor in presenting Britain's viewpoint

COUNT JEAN-LOUIS DE MAIGRET at home in his studio apartment in the Rue Bonaparte, Paris. The Count, an outstanding artist, has only recently returned from America, where he went to execute murals. He is now finishing some painting commissions and planning an exhibition



Some of the theatres have "gone black" also. At the Grand Guignol a sombre melodrama, entitled *The Flesh of the Orchid*, introduces us to the daughter of that Miss Blandish who, poor dear, never got any of those plush plants. This charming young lady is personified by pretty, baby-faced little Cécile Aubry, who, escaping from a looney-hatch, strangles one man and gouges out the eyes of another! At the Ambigu more melodrama, with Suzy Prim in *La Grande Fédia*, a night-club queen with a past and friends with no future. So many of them are killed that a gutter is needed to drain off the blood before it reaches the footlights. . . .

This theatre provides a glossary with the programme, which is very convenient. It enables me to declare, in the most recently-coined vernacular, that although I am not prudish, prism-ish or, in the slightest degree, pusillanimous, all these sordid horrors are beginning to give me *des crabes dans la boîte à ragout*!—literal translation: "Crabs (or crawlies) in the stew container," which can be condensed more politely to "Qualms in Little Mary"!

It is only fair to add that one can recoup on such a charming picture as J. P. Lechanois' *Le Village Magique*, a pleasant holiday film, shot in Sicily with Robert Lamoureux . . . and since it is sure to be shown in London, I will merely say, go and see it.

GREAT fun for everybody also is the new ballet at the Grand Opera House, although "new" is hardly the correct expression. M. Maurice Lehmann has had the brilliant idea of presenting Offenbach's famous operetta *La Belle Hélène* as a *ballet-bouffe*. Great changes had to be made, of course. Marcel Achard and Robert Manuel attended to the book with excellent results, while Louis Aubert and Robert Manuel amplified the orchestration, but with less tact! They have been somewhat heavy-handed with Offenbach's lightly graceful and enchanting airs.

The great success of the production goes to John Cranko, the British choreographer, who has wittily allied all the fun of a gorgeous romp with the courteous regard he evidently feels for the great traditions of the classical ballet. He is well served by the entire company of the Grand Opera House, led by Yvette Chauviré, Michel Renault and Claude Bessy.

A vastly pleasant evening . . . but seats must be booked well in advance.

Première leçon . . .

● At school young Jacques Dupont is asked why his name is not the same as his mother's. "Because Mama got married again and I didn't!" he explains.

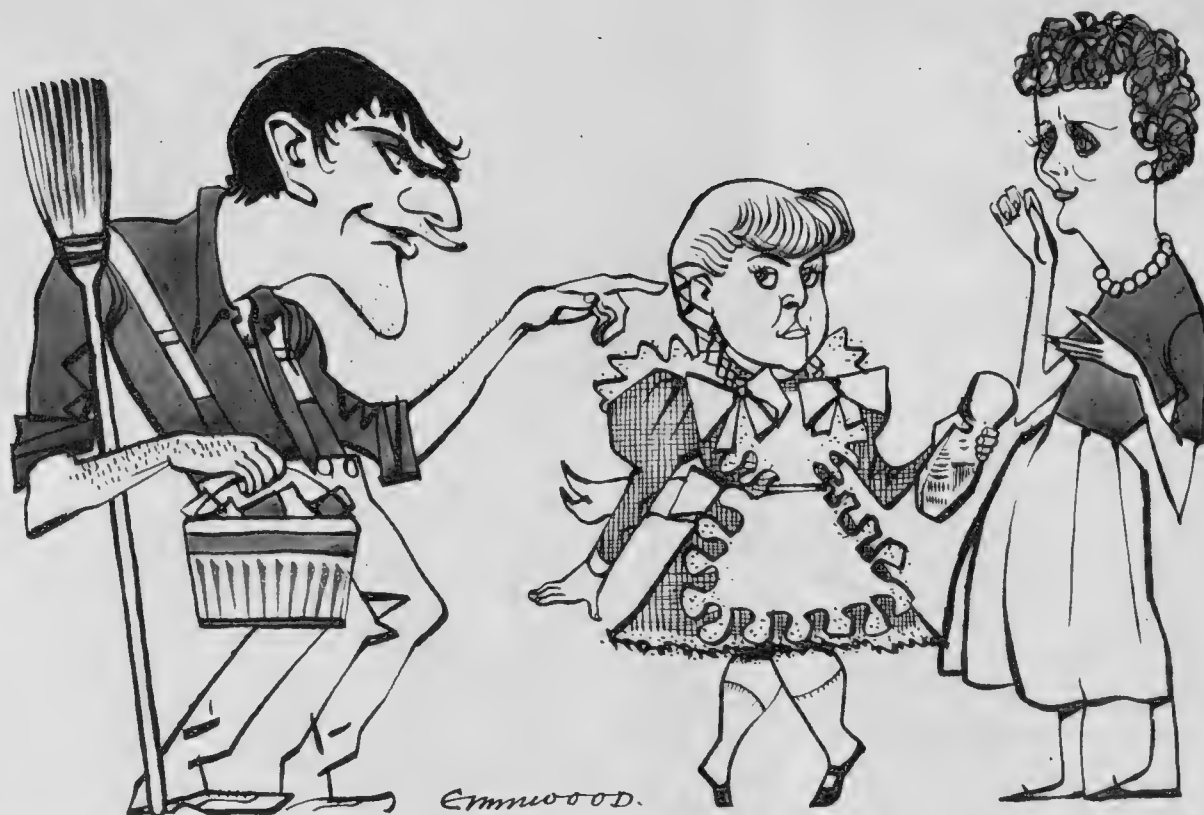


MLLE. HELENE DE LAMOTTE is a daughter of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Lamotte. She is making a career of journalism and works for a noted French magazine. Her parents still occupy the old family house in the Rue de Berri, near the Champs Elysées, where this photograph was taken



THE MARQUISE DE MONTLAUR is a daughter of Count and Countess Montesquiou Fezensac. Her husband's mother is descended from one of the first Portuguese families to settle in Brazil in the sixteenth century. She is seen in her charming apartment in the Rue de Lubeck

EVIL INTRUDES: Leroy (Bernard Bresslaw), the shambling, sinister man-of-all-work, recognises a kindred spirit in the angel-faced but diabolical Rhoda (Carol Wolveridge), but Christine Penmark (Diana Wynyard), Rhoda's mother, is tortured by an unbearable responsibility



At the Theatre

Quite horribly good

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

AFTER a late and madly indiscreet supper of hot lobster you might dream that heredity had played you a strange and terrifying trick. A mother, a radiantly happy wife, you find yourself wondering anxiously if your little daughter—a golden-haired child, as pretty as a picture, with endearing ways that are your maternal pride and joy—knows more than she has dared to tell of how a playmate fell off a wharf at a picnic and was drowned. How awful for the child, how difficult for you!

The dream then takes a shocking twist. You learn that you yourself are an adopted child, that your mother, moreover, was a notorious poisoner. This puts the worrying drowning episode into a new and dreadful light. Can it be that you have transmitted this woman's evil genius whole to your pretty, innocent-seeming child? And as the nightmare goes faster and faster you know that it is not only possible: it has happened.

SWEET Rhoda has pushed an old woman to her death; drowned the boy; and you see a man running in a sheet of flame and know that it is your child who has put a match to his straw bed. Now you—and you alone—are certain that your little angel is a devil, incapable of feeling compassion or remorse and as guileful as she is young and fair. What should a fond mother do?

With any luck at this point the lobster will have done its worst and you will wake up. There is no such merciful release for the heroine of *The Bad Seed* at the Aldwych. This is her predicament, she has not dreamed it up and she must, in the person of Miss Diana Wynyard, dree her weird.

Mr. Maxwell Anderson, the distinguished

American dramatist, has taken the predicament from the novel of Mr. William March. He has not used it to create a stage fantasy of nerve-tingling nightmare quality. (What a memorable piece of theatre such a fantasy might have become!) He treats it realistically, as something that might happen, and we get compelling drama in which all the effects are skilfully prepared and all the mechanics work smoothly and well till the final curtain, which surprises without convincing.

MISS WYNYARD handles the big emotional part with fascinating accomplishment. Her most subtle touches are those in which the mother, while fearfully plumbing the depths of the child's iniquity, conveys a seeping distrust of her

own nature through which the bad seed has been transmitted. She has two finely-acted scenes. In one she tries to wring from her own state of dumb misery the tenderness due to the drowned boy's mother, a woman distraught with grief and drink. In the other she is the trapped animal beating frantically at the walls of her cage.

She has afterwards to rise to the hysteria brought on by the sight of the man running with burning clothes and hair, and then to represent the calm of utter despair; and in both instances there is a lack of true momentousness, as though the actress's emotional reserves had been used up too early. But even at these moments Miss Wynyard's accomplishment serves to carry the part.

SHE is excellently supported. Mr. Frith Banbury directs with a nice care for detail and with skilful variations of pace. All the acting is good. Miss Miriam Karlin's vivid sketch of the bereaved mother "on a bend" reaches distinction.

Her outbursts of social resentment, of angry suspicion, of fleeing impudence have the true alcoholic vehemence and irrationality, and when, for no explicable reason, the haze thins, the actress beautifully reveals a hurt, bewildered and suffering woman. Mr. Bernard Bresslaw is also remarkably real as a grinning, gangling half-wit who, supposing that he alone perceives the devilry of the angelic child and thinking to out-smart her, pays for his vainglory with a horrible death. Miss Margalo Gillmore is to the life the gushing, managing American woman who has Freud like a dose of smallpox breaking out all over her. Her confident misinterpretations of psychiatric theory are the play's chief source of comic relief.

THE adoptive father of Mr. Malcolm Keen stoically refuses to believe that heredity can work quite so freakishly and so, unfortunately, has to be got rid of rather summarily. As the devilish child with her golden hair and fetching party manners, Carol Wolveridge is perfectly cast. She repeats the success she made in the stage adaptation of *The Turn of the Screw*. Altogether, an evening of horribly good "theatre."



AN AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST: Monica Breedlove (Margalo Gillmore), the very amiable landlady whose life is made up of experiments in psycho-analysis and patent medicines

London Limelight

Chess comes into it

"PARIS by NIGHT," the new twice-nightly leg-and-comic show at the Prince of Wales, follows the strictly conservative routine of its predecessors. There are two lush and spectacular set-pieces, one concerning chess and the other porcelain, both of them about as good as post-prandial benevolence could wish, plenty of near-naked ladies and a couple of comics.

Mr. Benny Hill, the first comedian, is a television favourite, with a moderately wide talent for mimicry. He presents a re-hash of the best of his valvular performances, thereby delighting his knowledgeable devotees. There is nothing in him that experience may not cure. But the best of his stock-in-trade is a smile. This is the slow seraphic grin of the urchin who knows that he has won a prize, knows that he has fudged his papers to get it, and guesses that you probably know all about that, too.



Tommy Cooper, Claudine Cereda and Benny Hill in the new and well-contrived *Folies Bergère* revue, *Paris by Night*, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, noted home of these spectacles

Mr. Cooper, the conjuror, is improving with giant strides: he is now a master of the higher lunacy and can keep an audience deliriously happy for five minutes merely by looking at a broken egg inside his bowler. No music-hall comedian could aspire to a greater exercise of audience-management.

THE workers of the electrical world have not only been hitting at their kindred traders in newspaperdom, but they have materially affected the theatre. In the Press blackout, established successes which are memorable have got along quite nicely.

It was the newcomers who suffered. This was cruelly unfair to the weaklings and the good'uns alike.

On the reminder-list of those plays which have not yet received a proper share of print, *Uncertain Joy* should take first place. To miss twelve-year-old Michael Brooke's pathetic, recalcitrant waif would be to lose a really fine evening of theatre and a well-constructed drama into the bargain.

At the Winter Garden the Bulgarian company is providing a whirl of delight, dominated by brilliant colouring and inexhaustible zeal. Maurice Chevalier may still be caught—but only just—at the Palace, as may Antonio with his company, who reach their very peak at the Saville, and *Time Remembered* has transferred its delicate decorative irony to the New.

LAST week saw two important openings, *The Desperate Hours*, a new American thriller at the Hippodrome (for the very young), and *Kismet*, a full-scale musical (re-orchestrated Borodin) at the Stoll.

It would take more than a group of short-tempered electricians to defeat the good theatregoer; but, through the strike it was the livelihood of a lot of hardworking actors and their unseen aides which was at stake, among other items.

—Youngman Carter



AN INSPIRED SAINT JOAN

THIS new portrait of Siobhan McKenna as Shaw's Saint Joan, which she is playing at the St. Martin's Theatre, captures the rapt exaltation and deep spiritual contemplation which she brings to the part, at the same time never losing sight of the rough peasant who has by an accident of fate been inspired by God. This is a performance which takes its place beside the milestones of great acting in the history of the theatre, and an unforgettable experience for those who have seen it.

It has been said of Miss McKenna that none of the great actresses who have created St. Joan in the past have brought to it the radiant sense of the Divine which she has so miraculously achieved by art as well as by inspiration. She is to play the part on Broadway in September

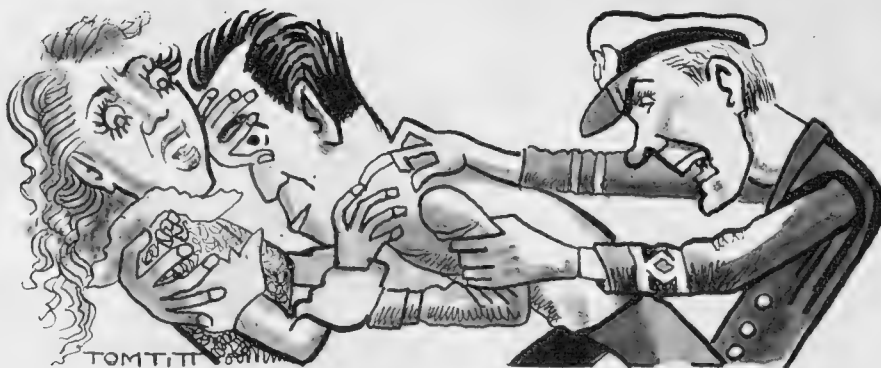


BELINDA LEE, aged nineteen, who has recently been put under contract by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, is considered to be one of the most promising young actresses in British films to-day. She is a honey blonde, and has been making pictures since leaving R.A.D.A. in June 1953

SHIRLEY EATON is another of the young entry in British films. After making her mark on the stage, and on radio and TV, she is, at eighteen, under contract to Sir Alexander Korda



Vivienne



TROUBLE AT SEA. Diane Cilento is saved from the embarrassing attentions of the captain (Peter Finch) by the Second Officer (Anthony Steel), in *Passage Home*

At the Pictures

Hollywood, wake up!

WHEN the French go in for spectacular, pseudo-historical films *à la Hollywood* they want watching. Not that they are much better at it. But they are liable to pop up with gimmicks which must make Hollywood's moguls gnash their teeth and fire a couple of script-writers for not having thought of them first.

Take *Caprice of Caroline* (Cameo-Poly, Oxford Circus), for instance. Whoever thought of a dancing horse for the million-dollar ball scene before? Yet here we have, at the ball to fete the capture of an Italian city by Masséna's troops, a French cavalry officer taking the floor with his horse when he can find no other partner. It is a handsome horse, too, and dances a minuet beautifully.

THEN there is Martine Carol and her bath. None of the old soap-bubble routine here. She splashes in an enormous oyster-shell whose crenellated border makes a more teasing receptacle for an unclad film actress than anything yet dreamed up by the plumbers on the Coast. And what about a bonus for the man who suggested the sentry-box as a changing-room when Mlle. Carol has to do a quick disguise into a drummer-boy's uniform? Hollywood, wake up!

The moral of this film is: do not take a young and attractive wife with you on a military campaign. This very mistake is made by General de Sallanches (Jacques Dacqmine) during Masséna's Italian campaign. After conducting herself in a way prejudicial to the good order of her husband's staff, Mlle. Carol becomes mildly involved with an Italian dancer (Jean-Claud Pascal) who is secret leader of the Italian patriots.

EVENTUALLY, when the patriots overcome the French garrison she has to involve herself more deeply with the same dancer, in order to save her husband's life. Reciprocally, in order to obtain refuge with an amorous Italian countess, the General has to play the lover before the eyes of his wife, disguised, as above explained, as a drummer-boy.

All the elements for a comedy of the kind the French excel in, you would say. But, strangely enough, despite several good touches and the liveliness and splendour of the production, it does not really come off. Sometimes it seems meant as just comedy. But then both script and direction fail to exploit its situations. At others it seems that we are meant to take it seriously, as

when the revolt breaks out. It does not really make up its mind.

However, it is reasonable entertainment. The period sets and costumes are enchanting and the colour photography lovely to look at. There is agreeable dancing by members of the Ballet de l'Opéra and some beefy horse and sword-play from members of the Club des Casse-Cou.

I think, too, that Mlle. Carol's remark when she cannot engage the attentions of the servants should go on record: "Servants are not the same since the Revolution."

LADIES prove as much of a handicap at sea as in war, this week. The message of *Passage Home*, Pinewood's Merchant Navy film, is: do not take a young and attractive woman (Diane Cilento) as lone passenger aboard a freighter. At least, that was the only meaning I could make out of this disappointing picture. Disappointing because the same story, given coherent treatment and scripting and firmer direction, could have made a good film.

Peter Finch tries loyally to make sense out of the skipper of the freighter, who is the central figure. But it is not his fault that this skipper is not a credible character.

This skipper is a hard-driving disciplinarian and skinflint. This is quite well established at the start of the film. It is further indicated that these qualities are necessary to keep a shipping enterprise going in the depression of the 'thirties and, if his crew cannot understand him, we in the audience can. So far, so good.

AGAINST his wishes Miss Cilento is taken aboard at a South American port.

After behaving with frigid politeness to her at the start of the voyage, Capt. Finch, for reasons not made clear by the script-writer, suddenly changes into a drunken lecher who assaults Miss Cilento. It would have been all right if he had just fallen in love with her. These things happen in films. But his manner of love-making, while acceptable to the box-office, hardly suits this part.

Anthony Steel is aboard and, of course, he sees Miss Cilento through. She is a difficult girl to look after because, at the height of a storm, she wanders out on deck for no reason at all, without even a raincoat.

As a whole, the film is untidy and pretentious—which is a pity, because we ought to be able to make at least plausible films about the sea, of all things.

—Dennis W. Clarke



STRAUSS COMES TO THE SCREEN

MICHAEL POWELL and Emeric Pressburger, celebrated for the artistic originality of their films, are now working on a modern and revised version of Strauss's operetta, *Die Fledermaus*, which they have retitled *Oh—Rosalinda!* The action takes place in 1955 Vienna, but the events are joyously fantastic enough to be timeless in this gay whirl of "Wine, Women and Song." Michael Redgrave is here seen dancing in the film. Other leading parts are played by Ludmilla Tcherina as Rosalinda, Anton Walbrook, Mel Ferrer and Dennis Price. It is in colour and CinemaScope

Television

IN THE RING

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

HORSES and TV are a splendid combination, showing off each other's finest points. The TV show-jumping season very properly opens on Monday with "Up and Over." It comes from Husbands Bosworth, estate of Lt.-Col. Talbot Ponsonby, trainer of so many Olympic riders.

European exchange programmes also reopen, with Sunday night's French farce *It Could Only Happen in Paris*. French producer Claude Barma is coming over to produce this translation of Alfred Savoir's *Le Figurant de Gaieté*, with Gaby Sylvia playing opposite Tony Britton, while Alvin Rakoff travels to Paris to produce *Waiting for Gillian* for French TV.

EARLIER that night, another fruit of the exchanges is *Amsterdam*, first of the fortnightly films on "Cities of Europe." On Friday our own city of "London Town" will be on view, when Richard Dimbleby accompanies that popular tour on a visit to Mayfair.

Prominent among the week's personalities are three musicians. Irmgard Seefried, the delightful Viennese soprano, gives Sunday's

celebrity concert. On Tuesday "The Conductor Speaks," in the person of Karl Rankl, former chief at Covent Garden.

"Speaking Personally" on Monday is the wife of another conductor, Sir Hamilton Harty. Older opera-goers know Lady Harty better as Agnes Nicholls. Considered by some authorities as the greatest of all English singers, she must have lively memories, especially of the brilliant days of the unmatched Beecham Opera Company.

American evangelist Billy Graham gives Sunday's epilogue. As remembered from his epilogue last year, the simplicity of this fabulous young man's direct address to the viewer is as striking as his sway over thousands at Glasgow's Kelvin Hall.



The gramophone

SOLO FLIGHTS

THERE are two more-than-promising newcomers in the world of the gramophone, and their appearance in the supplements is as welcome as the sun in November.

First I draw your attention to Benny Hill, the new star of the latest Folies Bergère revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London.

Mr. Hill has a great deal to offer, and he has the intelligence not to try to get away with merely singing some dreary, popular song just for the hell of it! He works "Teach Me To-night" and "I Can't Tell a Waltz from a Tango" in genuine comic vein, and he has obviously realised the value of doing something worth while with tunes that have already made their impact on the public, rather than taking a shot in the dark at a new and unfamiliar number. But he does more than this, because he takes infinite pains to put his personality successfully into the grooves. I believe and hope that we shall be hearing much more from Benny Hill. (Decca F. 10442.)

OF Sheila Buxton, the second newcomer, I have every reason to think that, given a break, she will not be just another flash in the waxen pan.

Miss Buxton is, I gather, rising twenty-three years of age, despite the tactical error in her billing to the effect that she is "the new schoolgirl find"! With the Norrie Paramor Orchestra she presents "I Gotta Go Get My Baby" and "Everlovin'," setting them down with style, polish and a mature sense of rhythm. She should go far. (Columbia DB. 3603.)

It is indeed heartening to be able to commend two such refreshing personalities as Sheila Buxton and Benny Hill.

—Robert Tredinnick

AN AIR RALLY IN LEICESTERSHIRE

NEARLY twenty aeroplanes, varying from a tiny, open Dart Kitten to the twin-engined Miles Gemini, all flown by amateur pilots, lined up in the field in front of Bosworth Hall, Husbands Bosworth, Leicestershire, after landing on the private airstrip. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Constable-Maxwell, who were giving the first private international air rally in this part of the country since before the war.

I flew up with Mr. John Houlder in his Miles Gemini. He is a very efficient pilot, who uses his plane for business purposes throughout the year. We were among the early arrivals and had the fun of seeing the others land. Our host had his own Miles Gemini parked near by, and from it he gave a most amusing running commentary over a loudspeaker, while his ground-based radio transmitter kept in touch with incoming planes fitted with radio.

There was a fire-fighting staff with mobile extinguisher, and St. John Ambulance men were present in case of any mishap, though happily they had no work.

MRS. CONSTABLE-MAXWELL had organised a delicious luncheon for over fifty in a marquee. This lunch, like the dinner for nearly thirty that evening, in the candlelit dining-room with exquisite heirloom silver on the table, was all prepared and served by the Constable-Maxwells' chef, Mr. Johnson, and Nanny, who has been with them twenty-four years.

Guests staying the night were entertained by a film, and enjoyed looking over the house and seeing the pictures and other family treasures, including Marie Antoinette's coral and gold rosary.

AMONG those on this truly enjoyable rally, besides those seen in the photographs, were Col. "Mossy" Preston, Secretary-General of the R.Ae.C., who was there with Mrs. Preston; M. René Bourkel and M. Kreiger, who flew from Luxembourg in an Auster; Mr. Peter Reiss, in a Hornet; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Taylor; Mr. Dimbleby, in his tiny, red Dart Kitten; Mr. Rein Urges in his green Sokol from Holland; Mr. Nick Nicholson; Mr. Arnold Wilson and his niece Miss Julie Wilson from Yorkshire, in his Proctor; and Mrs. Wilberforce, the only woman pilot, up from Essex in her Hornet Moth.

Mr. Robert Constable-Maxwell arrived from Rome, having flown home that morning. His sisters Jennifer and Marcia were there, and their eldest sister Viscountess Ikerrin sent a cable from Karachi. Mr. Ian Constable-Maxwell, W/Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell and Miss Diana Constable-Maxwell were other members of the family I met, while among neighbours who came to see the 'planes arrive were Lord and Lady Bray, the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg, Sir Ewart and Lady Levy and their daughter Caroline, and Col. D. Hignett, Joint-Master of the Fernie.

— Jennifer



W./Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell, R.A.F., and Christopher Constable-Maxwell, younger son of the host, were guiding the visiting aircraft in to land and collecting their luggage. Behind them are some of the aircraft which had arrived for the rally

Mr. and Mrs. D. Constable-Maxwell and their youngest daughter Marcia welcome Mr. Richard Fairey to the rally at their home

Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., and Mr. Jim Elwes, who piloted Portsmouth. Glorious sunshine





Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Richard Fairey, who is the son of
Sir Richard Fairey, landing on the lawn in
front of Bosworth Hall in his helicopter

is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron,
the plane, arriving in a Miles Messenger from
Bristol, and the rally organisation was perfect

Mrs. John Dykes, who had flown with her
husband from Winchester, and Viscount
Scarsdale, who had flown in from Derby



Mr. Denys Martyn from Dinas
Pówis waves good-bye as he
leaves the rally in his Gemini
for his return journey to Cardiff



Mr. Kenneth Davies, C.B.E.,
chairman of the Royal Aero
Club, and Mr. John Houlder,
who flew from Elstree aerodrome



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pearse had
landed from Plymouth in their
Hornet Moth for the rally

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...



INSTEAD of tapping gently on the window-pane at nightfall, as etiquette demands, and maybe making a funny face at his wife, a homing rover in Arizona took a crack with the old rooty-toot-toot through the curtains (*vide* Press) at his successor in the home-circle and nearly blew the chignon off his lawful mate. This brisk break with routine should stimulate the poetry-boys, who incline to make the returned rover a bit of a drip.

"Impute it not to impatience if," exclaimed The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed By perseverance in the course prescribed . . ."

The prescription for a bleeding heart approved by Daddy Wordsworth's Wanderer (above) being a course of botany, one may deduce that returning rovers in the Lake District are even bigger drips than that master-bore Enoch Arden, to whom the locals gave a costly funeral years too late. In each and every poetic case bar one, so far as we can discover, the Wanderer gets away with it after turning the domestic arrangements upside down; the exception being a returned sailor of Jean Cocteau's who pretends (like a fool) to be somebody else, boasts unwisely of a pocketful of pearls, and is bashed by his ever-loving wife in his sleep with a hammer.

Il le faut et dans la
citerne
le jeter, mon père, mon père . . .

It's a situation so fraught with complications that our frank advice to most of you roving sahibs is to stay away for good. Impute it not to impatience if we infer that the mems like it that way, too. No offence.

Rod

FISHING a river in Southern Rhodesia recently, an angler hooked a hippopotamus, which after a brief struggle broke the line and got away. But even if he had grassed it, a member of the Flyfishers' Club was telling us, his catch would be entered in the registers as "Query irregular."

The same applies to anglers who catch old iron bedsteads and discarded doggies, as probably made the day's bag of the chap in *The Waste Land*:

. . . fishing in the dull canal,
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse,
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck (etc.).

Watching the wide, sweeping gestures of one of the natives in an anglers' pub in Wales not long ago, it occurred to us that he was describing not a Wye salmon but—as he seemed to be plucking the strings of an imaginary harp at one moment—one of those desperate bards who leap into the crystal wave with a final curse on Edward's line; the rough Welch equivalent of landing a kelpie in a Highland trout-stream, except that kelpies are alive and chatty. This we gather from an angler who grassed one. It turned out that they both knew a trusty old rod called Freddie ("Splash") Gathercole, so called from his habit of falling headlong

into the water while playing trout. "If Rhine-maidens had bunions and cirrhosis he'd be a typical Rhine-maiden," said the kelpie pensively.

Members of the Flyfishers who catch a rainbow trout which turns into a glimmering girl with appleblossom in her hair (an Irish routine) generally resign after marriage, we gather, in order not to embarrass the others. We often wish you cared more about these things.

Post

CURLING up in a leisure moment with a newly-bought halfcrown book of stamps, always good clean reading, we found the P.O. boys putting a shrewd question to stamp-lovers on a back page, and took the liberty of murmuring it into a dainty pink ear at a party that same evening. It concerned Overseas postage:

HAVE YOU PUT ON CORRECT STAMPS?

Surcharge on an underpaid letter may annoy a valuable foreign customer.

The fair one listened with a fitting blush and downcast eyes. She then said shyly: "But what if the whole thing involves a girl's good name?" This point, we admit, we had overlooked, like the P.O. boys. The mopsy was right to raise it. There may well be times when to annoy a valuable foreign customer with excess postage becomes not only desirable but actually

essential for the saving of a woman's honour. It seems odd that no playwright has ever thought of this vibrant theme.

Meditation

ANNOYING a valuable Swedish customer for this purpose would seem to provide the best kind of drama—the Scandinavian kind, suitable for production in some arty little theatre like the Morgue, Shepherd's Bush. Big scene as follows:

Enter Björp, a wholesale woollen-underwear manufacturer, dancing with rage, waving an envelope.

BJÖRP: Another surcharged inquiry from Kozié Kumfort Knitwear, Ltd., of Leeds, England! It is deliberate! This excess postage is driving me into the madhouse!

MRS. HOGSTAD (*aside*): For Helga's sake. (*Aloud*) You look mad already, Mr. Björp.

(*Björp screams and throws the telephone at her.*)

Enter Dr. Starck with two uniformed assistants, who put Björp into a straight-waistcoat and take him away.)

DR. STARCK (*rubbing his hands*): In the bin for life! Helga is avenged! This chivalrous knitwear firm has righted her wrongs unasked.

MRS. HOG: She is pure as the driven snow!

DR. STARCK: The exact words of the Managing Director in his last letter to me. He adds: "Kozié Kumfort will soon put that ape where he belongs, with the aid of the British Post Office."

MRS. HOG: How noble! It is, perhaps, an old Leeds custom.

It, in fact, a chap in close touch tells us, is.



BRIGGS

by Graham



Miss Anne-Marie de Selincourt, Mlle. Eliane de Bartillat and Mr. John Hunter-Grey rigging a Hamble Star class dinghy



Above: Mr. Clive Clarke, owner of the Folkboat class yacht Folk Song, talking to Mrs. R. J. M. de St. Leger

Right: Mr. J. Kempster-Butler, M.B.E., Mrs. Kempster-Butler and their family working on Lady Mine on the Hamble



At Cowes Mr. T. G. M. Snagge, D.S.C., Mrs. Snagge and Miss Pamela Snagge aboard his yacht Arvon, built in 1884.



A GREAT YACHTING SEASON AHEAD

WHEN these lines appear, the first two or three of the new South Coast One Designs will be in the water. The idea for this strictly one design class, equally suitable for class racing, passage racing or cruising, was first mooted last year by Franklyn Woodroffe and Bobby Lowein, both helmsmen of long experience.

Supported by many other well-known yachtsmen, they asked Charles Nicholson to design a new boat, which can be built at moderate cost. The first one of the class, Franklyn Woodroffe's Caviare, launched at Easter at Lallows yard, Cowes, is a shapely vessel of 26 ft. L.O.A., 21 ft. L.W.L., 7 ft. 10 ins. beam and 5 ft. 3 ins. draft, fast, easily handled and roomy below with accommodation for four, and the usual offices, all at the cost of just under four figures. Thirteen boats are on order and eight or nine of these will be ready for Cowes Week.

After last season, when only two of the class turned out for Cowes, there is a tremendous revival and rejuvenation in the 6-Metres. The Royal Thames Yacht Club's new boat to be named Thames will be launched on May 14th at Woodnutt's. The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's Corinthian, by Bjarne Aas, should arrive in this country early in May, and I understand that Sir Charles Taylor is going to be her

helmsman. Mr. C. R. S. Parker's new boat, to be named Clyde, will come south in midsummer.

In the international 5.5-metre class the two new Olympic aspirants, Col. R. S. G. Perry's Arthur Robb-designed Vision, and Owen Aisher's new Yeoman, by Charles Nicholson, are expected to be out in early May. There are some new Dragons joining the class, and the International One Design class at Cowes is on the increase again this year.

LIKE the rest, the ocean racing fleet expects a bumper season. One of the new boats, Capt. John Illingworth's Mouse of Malham, already launched, is a 24-ft. waterline yawl with many interesting new features. The Sappers' new Anna Sona, by Robert Clark, is a sister ship to Sir Michael Newton's Favona, and Mr. R. F. Haworth's Zillah, by F. Parker, is akin to Mr. Ronnie Burton's Norlethe.

The biennial Fastnet Race promises to have a record fleet of entries including six, or more, from the U.S.A., and some from Sweden, Holland, Germany, France, Portugal and Spain.

In addition to a very full racing programme, there is no doubt that the Olympic Trials for each of the five classes concerned will add yet more zest and flavour to a great season.

—Gabor Denes



Mr. Roger Sewell, Master of the Surrey Union, gives a word of advice to Janet Vacher, on her pony Robin, at this very successful young people's meet



Caroline Hill and her sister Lindy Hill were there. The children's auxiliary of the Surrey Union is a very strong and flourishing organisation

At The Races

STING OF THE BLACK-OUT

IT has doubtless been very assuaging to some of the highbrows to tell us, the lowbrows, that they have got along quite nicely without newspapers, since they have had the wireless to tell them what some exalted statesman has said he simply will not allow Japan to do, and what a fervent politician has told his constituents what he did not say about another politician at Llanwhellyan-In-The-Mud; but what the wretched Philistines wanted to know was what was going to win the 2.30, and whether any of the poor jockeys who rode in the Grand National had a broken nose or suffered any other more or less permanent disfigurement.

IT was not good enough for the lowbrow to be fobbed off with a lip-curling sneer, and told to content himself with hearing some poor tenor on the B.B.C. being apparently tortured to death, or having a tooth out without an anæsthetic, or a mezzo-soprano having something equally uncomfortable done to her while the jazz band totally fails to deaden her yelps!

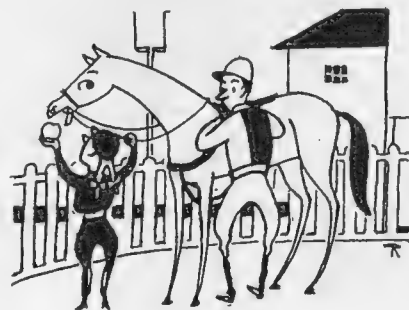
No, what the downtrodden lowbrow wanted was his column about the two dozen or more who are going to win the Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks and the Leger, with a few juicy

murders thrown in to make things really go. Drat the papers? Drat the highbrows!

However, there are compensations about everything, and a letter from a friend of other days, Commander Brewill (Retired), is one of them. He writes:

In The TATLER of March 9th you said you could not remember a horse being killed at Becher's in the National. Last night, reading G. A. Fothergill's *Hunting, Racing, Coaching and Boxing Ballads*, I came across a picture of Awbeg lying dead at Becher's Brook. He belonged to Mr. Moffat S. Thompson; won eleven three-mile 'chases in Scotland and the North of England from 1920 to 1922; finished ninth in the National in 1918 and was killed in that race in 1922.

It is a very long time since you came to this house [The Manor House, Castle Donington] with my very great friend Corbet Craddock, from Quorn, to a meet of the Quorn hounds. Corbet's daughter, now Mrs. Weldon, still goes out hunting and is on the Quorn Committee. Alas, like a large number of my pals, my stables are empty and the only hunts one gets are those of the past.



I do now remember the case of Awbeg, and, of course, my kind correspondent, even though it is a long while ago. On the day about which he speaks poor Edmund Paget, one of the Joint Masters, was in command, and I remember his getting a fall over a flight of rails, but, luckily, without damage.

A LETTER about light steeplechasing saddles, which has come to me, asks whether I do not think that anything in the 4-lb. region is not quite safe for such a rough-and-tumble game. I can assure him that it is, but much, of course, depends upon the weight of the chap who is going to sit in that saddle. A big hefty man in a light saddle might conceivably do a lot of damage, whilst anyone in the 9-st. class would do no harm. And *à propos*, one early morning in old Calcutta, as I was hacking round the course with the world's greatest raconteur—who, as many will remember, was always rather big and muscular—I happened to mention that I had a very light ride in a hurdle race in the afternoon on a rough and very vulgar horse, and was thinking of a 3-lb. saddle.

He Who Never Would Be Beat at once said, "That's nothing! I rode over Aintree in a 2-lb. one." He stood about 6 ft. in his vamps, and can never have been much under 12 st.! I wonder if the then Daisy Leiter remembers the occasion, as she and the late "Conk" Marker, an ex-Master of the H.B.D.H., were also there when that one went "bang," and "Conk" had the guts, which I had not, to express disbelief, which, of course, got him nowhere!

However, it was all very amusing, and I am sure that the Raconteur enjoyed it as much as we did!

— SABRETACHE

A PONY CLUB LAWN MEET

ORANGE-JUICE was the stirrup cup for a meet in Surrey of the Pony Club of the Surrey Union. More than fifty children followed hounds to the first covert from the home of Rear-Admiral Sir Matthew and Lady Slattery



The host and hostess were here on the lookout for the young riders to arrive at Henfold House, Newdigate, near Dorking



All ready for the move off on this fine spring morning were Valerie Sharpe, Susan Cooper and Jennifer Browne



Jim Goddard, the Surrey Union huntsman, points the line the hounds will take to Susan and Jennifer Leonard, two of the senior members of the Club

Desmond O'Neill

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR will be reproduced with great verve at the forthcoming Bath Festival. It includes model ships that will go through the action of the battle, with a running commentary provided by Jack Hawkins, the actor, and Nigel Patrick as the voice of Nelson. The script of the production is by Capt. Jack Broome, D.S.C., whose book of collected naval signals, *Make a Signal*, published by Putnams, is appearing soon. Right: Jack Hawkins, Mr. Moran Caplat, general manager of Glyndebourne, and Capt. Jack Broome inspecting the models at a London studio



Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

THE POISONED CROWN

BAVARIAN FANTASY, by Desmond Chapman-Huston (John Murray; 25s.), is "The Story of Ludwig II." The author, thanks to Crown Prince Rupert, was granted access to the entire contents of the secret archives of the Royal House of Wittelsbach, and a remarkable book has been the result. Major Chapman-Huston handles, here, material as extraordinary as has ever, possibly, seen the light of day. The ill-starred King of Bavaria kept a diary, in which his aberrations are set down: this, and with it the correspondence of his endless *vie sentimentale*, was preserved in the archives. Shocking, pitiful, lit by moments of beauty and, throughout, never quite without dignity, Ludwig II. stands forth as though he lived to-day.

His life actually terminated in June 1886—when, declared mad, he escaped from his Berg keepers into the lake he had loved so well. Water, together with swans and towering castles, had dominated his dream-world from the first. Bavaria was his phantasmagoric nursery—how much that is strange and terrible, all in all, has that region reared!

OF the over-intense personal relationships which wore him down, that with Wagner had been the most enduring: as for the Wagner operas themselves, they transported him for ever beyond reality. His letters to a succession of young men bear the stamp of an increasing obsession—he pursued the beautiful, the ideal, the love-perfection not on earth to be found. In return he got cloying, fulsome, calculated or uneasy replies. His exactingness, as each favourite found, made him impossible: by the end, he was left to confront his own isolation.

Such characters are not uncommon in private life. For a monarch, pent in by the rigidities of a small, observant, reactionary German court, the situation was bound to become untenable. Yet Ludwig idealised kingship—he took, indeed, an all but mystic view of his royal calling. At eighteen, a tall stripling prince of radiant good looks, he had acceded to the Bavarian throne. Romance had, within his own childhood, already displaced one Wittelsbach king: his grandfather Ludwig I. had been driven to abdicate by the storm raised by his passion for Lola Montez, *femme fatale* dancer who could do all but dance.

LUDWIG II's mental heredity was unpromising; his younger brother Otto preceded him into the shades of madness. Yet Ludwig aspired to reign, desired to reign, and did so. Those who met him as a young king paid tribute to his grace, his seriousness, his sufficient grasp of affairs. And to the end, though saddened, his people loved him.

I feel, myself, that in *Bavarian Fantasy* the author has too much isolated Ludwig II. from outward history. For in his lifetime (1845–86) he not only lived through but played his part in events which went to the making of modern Europe. He disliked, and did all he could to withstand, Bismarck's creation of a German Emperor out of a Prussian prince—had he clung to stability, had he not been drained away by his dreams, Ludwig might have made for a truer balance: as it was he affected, however negatively, the course of things. Major Chapman-Huston, however, argues:

"Basically, this is the personal history of a man. . . . A full historic treatment would have deflected attention from a unique pathological case."

HE was not a great man, and his ungoverned sentiments, and his heartlessness—shown in his treatment of Princess Sophie—cannot but diminish him still more. All the same, he bears a certain resemblance to the tragic Richard II. shown by Shakespeare—"Let us sit upon the ground," he might, too, have cried, "and tell sad stories of the death of kings." Martyred sovereigns—Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I. and (in particular) Marie Antoinette—were for him idols, all but deities. And in such a spirit, carrying his umbrella through the rain, through the dripping lakeside woods of the villa Berg, he no doubt went to his own end.

Major Chapman-Huston died before the completion of *Bavarian Fantasy*: the book has been finished and edited by Osyth Leeston. Who chose the illustrations one does not know: they are eloquent—preposterous Bavarian castles, Wagnerian scenery and claustrophobic State apartments compete for horror.

★ ★ ★
NEVIL SHUTE as a novelist seldom fails in high and necessary power of invention. *REQUIEM FOR A WREN* (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) reads less like "a story" than like an urgent, feverish human document. One cannot believe that Janet, once

Leading Wren Prentice, did not actually live; and one comes to see, resignedly, why she died. Mr. Shute has, thus, something greater than inventiveness: he can conjure up, in each of his men and women, a sort of imperative probability. There is at least one incident in this novel (the shooting down of the Junkers) which might seem unlikely, yet one swallows it whole. This narrator is a law unto himself.





Baron

AN IMPORTANT BRITISH CONTEMPORARY COMPOSER

MICHAEL TIPPETT, who was born in 1905, attracted widespread attention with his moving oratorio, *A Child of Our Time*, first heard in 1944. His great interest in English music of the seventeenth century has helped to form his distinctive style, often complex in its details but dramatic in its impact. In January 1955 his first opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, was performed at Covent Garden, and although the philosophical implications of the libretto proved difficult to follow at first hearing, the undoubted power of the music made it a landmark in English opera.

The new limousine version of the Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire is an extremely handsome car, which will seat up to seven. The luxurious equipment includes an electric clock and private locks to the rear door. It has Preselectric gear-box and automatic clutch fitted as standard. Price (including tax) is £2706 19s. 2d.



Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart

A hint from Italy

FEW motor competitions are more drastic for the cars, the drivers and, one should add, the spectators, than the Mille Miglia. It follows the Turin Show and—unfortunately—clashes with the Tulip Rally, for the date is next Saturday, April 30. It is difficult to describe the difference in the national attitude towards motor sport which makes it possible for Italy to hold this event on the open roads, yet which prevents us in Britain even from closing a section of public road for a race.

Indivisible loads are allowed to close long stretches of main road for hours on end; dilatory road work is permitted to close important junctions in the centre of areas of high traffic density for weeks on end, but Parliament refuses permission to close a distant, little-used piece of road for a few hours on two or three days of the year for a race.

PROBABLY the main reason is lack of enthusiasm. We do not easily get enthusiastic. Then there is the prohibition proclivity. Those who are not sympathetic to a sport loathe to see others enjoying themselves at it. Our law-givers are especially desirous of stopping any kind of amusement which involves risk. It is a pity. But what is our loss is Italy's gain, for the Mille Miglia is an event of world importance and draws people from everywhere.

The same is true of numerous other Continental road events. The road circuits of Le Mans, Francorchamps and Reims attract all the more because we have nothing like them in England. ("Je songe, en remerciant Dieu, qu'ils n'en ont pas en Angleterre," as someone said in a slightly different context.)

When we think of good racing circuits, we ought not to forget Northern Ireland, because it has, in the past, provided us with an escape from our national restrictionism. And now, after the lapse of two years, we are to have once again the International Ulster Trophy race. It is down for May 14 on the Dundrod Circuit, and the organisers are the Ulster Automobile Club.

Twenty-four laps will be run—a distance of 286 kilometres—and the general classification will be by handicap, although the chief award, the Ulster Trophy, will go to the fastest finisher. Official practice will take place on May 13. All drivers must qualify by completing three laps, one of which must be at an average of at least 89 kilometres an hour (55 miles an hour).



SLOUGH's road safety experiment, announced at the end of March by the Minister of Transport, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, has begun. It will be recalled that the object is to determine the relative value of different road safety measures. At the time of writing I have only heard of one of the five tests being set in motion—increased police activity.

Cars are stopped for a snap test of their brakes. There has also been some activity for improving signalling and preventing small children from wandering about the streets. But what I would like to see most is the promised series of road works. There are to be—we were told—improvements of road junctions, traffic roundabouts, road widenings, lay-bys for buses, street refuges and guard rails. These works are to be done at sites where it appears from the accident records that they are most likely to produce results.

Then there are also the education and training schemes and the improved traffic control system. The Road Research Laboratory is to make observations at intervals.

FORGIVE me for cavilling; but my faith in the Road Research Laboratory was shaken by its adherence—on the basis of statistics—to the recommendation to pedestrians on country roads where there are no footpaths, to keep to the right. The objections to walking on the right are that it increases the closing speed between vehicle and pedestrian by anything up to

12 kilometres an hour, and that it confuses the traffic pattern. But the official view is that the statistics must be right and the logical reasoning wrong.

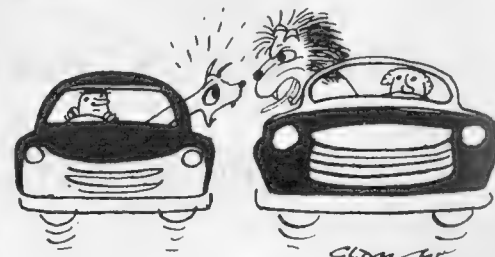
This view shows that there has been little attempt to assess road accident statistics at their true worth. The information is collected in a manner which is almost a guarantee of inaccuracy.

MUCH criticism has been heard of the winking-light traffic signals now fitted to a great many cars. So far I have expressed no opinion on this subject, because I wanted to try these lights for a sufficient period to obtain a fair idea of their effectiveness. I have now done many months running with a set. During the winter months, with mostly dull days and with long nights, the winking lights worked at least as well as semaphores. But in the recent sunshine I found the winking-light limitations were much emphasised.

Twice, seeking to turn right out of a main road with traffic following, I failed, in brilliant sunshine, to make the driver behind see the signal. My method was to start the signal a long way before the turn and then gently to slow down and drift towards the centre of the road—a combination of movements which ought to warn any experienced driver that a turn is to be made. But I saw in my mirror that the message was not going over.

ITHEREFORE repeatedly flashed the brake light. But on these two occasions neither the winking lights nor the brake light were acted upon by drivers behind, who kept directly aft of me. I was forced on these occasions to wind down the window and do what I always believe to be fundamentally wrong—that is, duplicate my signals by giving the hand signal as well.

The drivers behind were obviously not keeping a good look-out. But it is equally clear that the winking lights in sharp sunlight are not particularly good at attracting attention.





Left: Mr. A. P. R. Rolt at the wheel of the new Connaught racing car which was placed fourth in the Chichester Cup, a seven lap race, at the season's opening meeting. With him is Mr. E. W. Holt another Connaught driver. Below: The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, wife of the track's owner, who presented the trophy to the winner of the Richmond Formula I race, and Mr. D. M. Glover the donor of the trophy



MOTOR RACING EXPERTS' GREAT DAY AT GOODWOOD



Above left: Mrs. Bob Gerard, wife of the racing driver, and Miss Susan Vale were watching the Chichester Cup race in which Mr. Gerard was driving. Above right: Lady Selsdon, Miss Angela Chaplin and the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson, daughter of Lord and Lady Selsdon, were guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon in his private enclosure. Left: Mr. T. Dawson and H.R.H. Prince Michael of Kent, who is a keen motor-racing enthusiast, were watching the progress of the Easter Handicap from the private enclosure

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans



SHE is just off on a morning's shopping expedition with a pleasant luncheon date to follow. We have chosen for her a two-piece by Mercia that is simple enough for the most down-to-earth marketing, pretty enough to grace the grandest restaurant. Made of champagne-coloured surah with dark pen-scribblings all over it, this useful little frock with its sun-ray pleated skirt and scalloped edged jacket costs 20 gns., and comes from Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester, who supplied the hat also

The art of being practical

Right: The little black fancy straw hat is trimmed with a flat honey-coloured bow and delicate mesh veiling. It costs 12½ gns.



Three-quarter length sleeves make this a useful street dress, one that will look smart without its jacket on a hot summer's day. The prettily draped neckline is decorated with two cross-over buttoned tabs

and pretty, too



The final touch to evening loveliness

THREE suggestions from Mariel Deans for the sort of little wrap that tops-off so perfectly the glamour of a *grande toilette*. Above: Bradley's pure white ermine blouse with its beautiful stand-away collar is small and young, extremely fashionable and infinitely becoming

A SAPPHIRE mink boat-shaped wrap from the National Fur Company (on the right) has a collar with revers which continue into stole ends. (Dress and jewellery from Debenham & Freebody)

THE beautifully worked cape-stole in Emba Lutetia gun-metal mink (on the opposite page) has a shelf-collar and wide, rounded ends, shown tied in the picture. It comes from Molho, Brook St.







*Without an overcoat
in merry May time*

ABOVE are two new numbers by Pringle, of Scotland, that provide for the beginning and the end of the day. That on the left is a Springtime sportswear made of very fine lightweight wool with a snug fitting high neck. Dickins & Jones are the stockists. On the right is "Casino," a bouclé suit that has a sweater top with a low, scalloped neckline. The top can be worn either inside or outside the slim, straight skirt. It can be bought from most Marshall & Snelgrove County Shops



For the woman about town whose needs will certainly include a basic suit for all and everyday wear, here are three winners. Below: Windsmoor's beige jacket and skirt made of pure wool West of England suiting from Harrods. Right: Also by Windsmoor this grey and white basket weave pure wool suit, classic in outline. All these suits are in the pale and pretty colours that are such a success this season, well cut and altogether serviceable. Below left: A suit by Crayson in stone-coloured novelty worsted, trimmed with a mushroom velvet half-collar. The cuffs turn back to make bracelet length sleeves. Stocked by Bourne and Hollingsworth, all these suits sell at well below £15





A delightful and new type of gilt cocktail case which will go perfectly with an evening dress. Price £13 13s. from Harvey Nichols

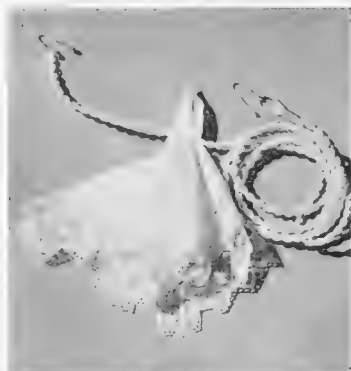
Gifts with "a fair

*N*OW let us put a "ping" into spring with these charming accessories that give a blithe note to the brighter and lighter evenings ahead



The design of Liberty's famous clock is engraved on this compact, which can be bought there for 27s. 6d.

Right: Pegless clothes line. Just separate the twisted cord, slip a corner of the material through and pull the line tight. Price 2s. 11d. from Woollands



Left: With this ingenious little "foundation" costing only 5s. 11d. you can ring the changes on headgear. Pin on flowers, feathers, etc., as your fancy may dictate. From Woollands

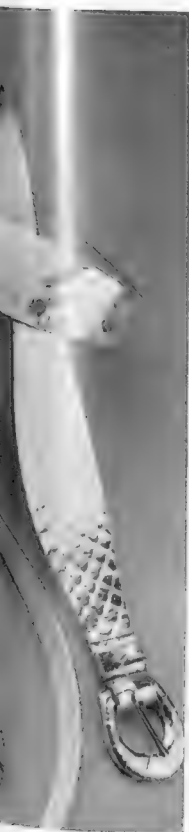




Gloves with an air for special occasions, kid with leaf motif, £2 15s. 9d., suède with flower motif, £4 19s. 6d., Harvey Nichols has them

and floral air"

by Jean Cleland



Left: Elegant party belts give distinction to a plain frock. Snakeskin, £2 12s. 6d.; silver (shaped), £2 2s.; "Karung," £2 2s. From Woollands

Right: The "Oyster" scarf, pure silk, in soft and lovely colouring. Price 52s. 9d., from Liberty's



Far right: For spring evenings that turn chilly, this dainty but warm wool cape, in a variety of colours. Woollands, price £4 14s. 6d.



Beauty

On being made
over anew

Jean Cleland



WHO among us has not, in her secret heart, longed at one time or another for a transformation in the way of looks. It may be before some special occasion such as a wedding, when the bride—or maybe the bride's mother—wants to look her best. It may be a birthday when, with another year added to one's age, a fleeting depression sets in. It may be a chance remark, such as "How are you feeling, my dear? Well? That's all right then; I just thought that you were not looking quite up to the mark."

Oh! for a fairy godmother to wave a wand, to rejuvenate and refresh our looks from top to toe, so that the next acquaintance we meet will say "My word, what's happened to you? Are you in love, or have you come into a fortune? You're looking on top of the world."

To be in step with the "spring feeling," I am going to tell you of a treatment which has the real-life effect of transformation. This is no mere waving of wands, which only takes place in pantomimes, but a sound treatment—or series of treatments—that does magical things, not only to your appearance, but to your whole morale. You go in with your flag at half-mast, and come out with it flying as high—as the Americans say—as a "Flag on the Fourth of July." I've tried it, and I know.

This change of face, and of the whole appearance, is achieved by what Elizabeth Arden calls her "Top-to-Toe" Treatment. In a morning or an afternoon, within the space of 3½ hours, you

are completely "made over" and turned out as good—if not better—than new.

If that isn't exciting, I don't know what is.

Arden's—and I agree with them—consider it a pretty good investment, for it includes body massage, which gives you a marvellous sense of wellbeing, a new hair-do, manicure, and a facial, all under one roof, and for an inclusive fee. It is



Hair styling is an important part of the Elizabeth Arden "Top-to-Toe" Treatment

an idea which should appeal to those who have not a lot of time to spare, and appreciate the convenience of having their beauty needs taken care of by one appointment. In addition to the benefit of the practical side, there is the additional benefit of uninterrupted rest and relaxation, which in itself is a boon, particularly before some special occasion.

What happens exactly in this "Top-to-Toe" Treatment, and how does it work?

On arrival, the client is taken to the top floor of Arden's salon, which is entirely devoted to body treatments. There she undresses, and after being given a wrap, is taken along to the massage room, where an expert masseuse awaits her. While she relaxes on a couch, trained hands knead, pat and mould, loosening up stiff muscles, relaxing tension, and soothing the nerves. Massage such as this gives a feeling of lissomeness which makes for a more youthful carriage and a general sense of health and well-being.

FOLLOWING the massage, the client is taken to the hair shop, where a hair stylist considers the personality, and the shape of face, and suggests—if desired—a new hair-do. The style decided upon, the hair is shampooed and set, and while it's drying the nails receive a manicure. When the hair is quite dry, it is left pinned up while you are taken off to another room for a facial treatment—an excellent arrangement, as the hair cannot then get untidy.

For the facial you recline again on a *chaise longue* while the face is cleaned with penetrating cream, patted with refreshing tonic lotion, and massaged with skin food according to the type of skin. After a period, during which expert hands work on smoothing out wrinkles and bracing up slack muscles, comes the masque. This is chosen to suit the individual requirements of the skin in question. It may be a circulation stimulant to firm and "lift," or something to refine the texture, or a purifying masque, if you happen to be troubled with any blemishes.

After the masque—which takes only about ten minutes—more cream is smoothed on and the face covered with a layer of cotton wool soaked in ice cold refreshing tonic. Pads soaked in eye lotion are placed over the closed lids, and you are left alone to rest.

WHEN the expert returns the masque is removed, and the face is delicately and skilfully made up to harmonize with the natural colouring, and with whatever colour dress you may be going to wear that evening.

By watching carefully while this is being done, you can observe the subtle effects achieved by using two shades of powder (one over the other), two shades of lipstick and two tones of eye shadow.

When the facial treatment—which takes an hour—is complete, you return to the hair shop to have your hair combed out and brushed into its new style.

With body relaxed and glowing, face radiant, hair sleek and soignée, and finger nails shining, you depart with the confidence that—like scent to a flower—is the essential secret of the heart of good looks.



AT No. 3 GRAFTON STREET

Inches Vanish From Your Figure

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT? (which far too often makes you look years older than you are!) It *can* be done. And with the new long moulded look of fashion, it's more important than ever to be slimly proportioned. At No. 3 Grafton Street, we help you attain the appropriate slenderness. Using Helena Rubinstein's original *deep* penetrating massage method along with her revolutionary new electric reducing blanket treatment, trained operators actually break down fatty tissues under the skin surface, while they mould the outer skin to firm beauty. After just a few treatments you feel and see the difference. In this season's graceful clothes your figure has a slender, fashionable look.



Every woman has her weak points—the vulnerable tell-tale signs of age. Wise women let us do something about them. Whether it be your hips, your waistline, your throat or ankles, we have a special treatment that will work wonders. Ask us about them. We'll be glad to advise you on the one best suited to *your* individual needs.

Heads are turning to smoother hair styles

In our gracious and restful Hairdressing Salon we shape your hair to the new fashions too, the perfect complement to your new moulded figure. Your longer, smoother and more feminine locks are parted and swept to one side in a flatter—and more flattering—line. It's a line that is determined by *your* features, the tilt of *your* head, the texture and colour of *your* hair! The ultimate result is more fashionable and yet more essentially *you* than any style you've ever had before.

**RING GROSVENOR 7501
FOR YOUR PERSONAL APPOINTMENT**

Helena Rubinstein

HELENA RUBINSTEIN 3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 PARIS NEW YORK



An uncommon suggestion By Maxwell Croft

To demand a rarity and to spurn the familiar may, on occasion, be a virtue in the choosing of a fur. Here is a case: this uncommon Baum Marten stole, of a depth and silky richness seldom met with. We like to think there is a very graceful distinction to the style... and to the profound colour... which will set apart whoever wears it. Deliciously light, mounted on chiffon, it suggests that 225 guineas is ridiculously little. And indeed—it is.

Please come to see this, and stay to look at all our collection, in our new showrooms at 105-106 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Maxwell Croft: 105-106 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
TEL. MAY. 6226/7/8. AND 46 MILSOM STREET, BATH. BATH 3505

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Miss Jane Hardy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hardy, of The Lodge, Watlington, Kent, is engaged to Mr. Peter Leonard Eckersley, elder son of the late Lt. (A) P. T. Eckersley, R.N.V.R., M.P., and of Mrs. H. D. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland, of Gibbons Place, Ightham, Kent



Miss Doris Elsie Hill, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hill, of Letham Drive, Glasgow, is to marry Mr. Colin H. Alexander, of Nakuru, Kenya, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Alexander, of Lochlea Road, Glasgow

Norton-Pratt



Miss Anne Hume, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Trevor Hume, of White Lodge, Little Laver, Chipping Ongar, Essex, is engaged to Captain the Hon. Leslie Richard Bagnall Addington, D.F.C., R.A., fifth son of Viscount and Viscountess Sidmouth, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wiltshire

Lenarc



Miss Prudence Bridget Barbara Tully, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. C. Tully, of The Old Vicarage, Over Peover, Knutsford, Cheshire, is engaged to Capt. G. M. G. Swindells, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Swindells, of Prestbury, Cheshire

Fayer



Miss Anne Stevenson-Hamilton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Stevenson-Hamilton, of Fairholm, Larkhall, Lanarkshire, and White River, Eastern Transvaal, is engaged to Major Peter Doyle, Irish Guards, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. J. Doyle and of Mrs. Francis Drummond

Bassano

the name

of authority

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys jacket of grey dyed musquash

THEY WERE MARRIED



Miller—Arnott. At Crudevell Parish Church, Glos, Mr. David Miller, the Queen's Bays, son of Mr. L. R. Miller and Lady Patricia Miller, of Georgestown, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford, married Miss Mariegold Winifred Arnott, daughter of Major and Mrs. T. J. Arnott, of Poole Keynes House, Cirencester



Harman—Wharton. Mr. Jeremiah Le Roy Harman, elder son of Sir Charles and Lady Harman, of Clifford's Inn, London, and Tully, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo, married Miss Helen Gillian Wharton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Wharton, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Banbury



Maturin-Baird—King. Mr. John Michael Maturin-Baird, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Maturin-Baird, of Langham Hall, Colchester, married Miss Bridget King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hazell King, of the British Embassy, Buenos Aires, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea



Nicholls — Nichol. The marriage was solemnized at Esher Parish Church of Mr. Guy W. Nicholls, of St. Marylebone, W., son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy S. Nicholls, of Lynwood, Derwen Farm, Swansea, and Miss Susan Patricia Nichol, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Nichol, of North Lodge, Esher, Surrey



Bagnall—Tyre. Mr. William Arthur Bagnall, of Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Brookes Bagnall, of Wolverhampton, married at Lincoln's Inn Chapel Miss Margaret Jean Tyre, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. K. Tyre, of Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3



HATS HAVE NEW ELEGANCE

White roses and georgette make an enchanting version of the new forward-tipped little hat, designed to stress the charms of a neat, sleek hair style. **13½ gns.**

A dramatic sweeping brim with masterly drapery in organza, gives this coffee straw model a touch of the grand manner. Little clusters of pearls catch the folds for a final touch of chic. **19 gns.**

FROM THE MODEL HAT COLLECTION

FIRST FLOOR

Woodlands

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Telephone: Sloane 4545



"ENGLISH DOLLS, EFFIGIES AND PUPPETS" by Alice K. Early (Batsford, 25s.) is a fascinating and comprehensive survey of dolls through the ages. The scope of the book is wide and includes not merely dolls as toys but all those other doll-like representations which religion or patriotism have produced. Extreme left: "Prince Edward Albert" (1846) (later Edward VII). Left: "The Empress Eugénie" (c. 1860) walking doll. Right: "Queen Elizabeth II in her Coronation Robes, 1953"



Book Reviews [Continuing from page 212]

Mr. Shute summons up high tragedy

In the telling, we begin at the end. Alan Duncan, airman hero (though not in his own eyes) of the by now long-ago war, comes home for the postwar second time, to Australia—disabled, still unsettled, still uncertain as to which of the two hemispheres he prefers to live in. His family is wealthy; Coombargana, his parents' home in the Western Region, welcomes him—comfortable, stable, set in its wide lands. Yet an unexpected shadow is on the household: the parlourmaid, a mystery English girl, has committed suicide here the night before he arrived.

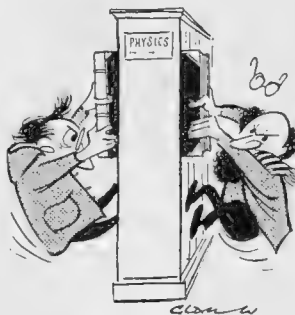
WHO was this girl, now lying so irrevocably silent under the sheet, in her servant's bedroom? What brought her here; still more, what had accounted for her absolute silence as to her past? Alan's upset parents and the old cook Annie are perplexed, as he is: there seems no answer. Alone, he undertakes a nocturnal search: hidden identity documents are found. A shattering discovery,

a linking up with the most valuable of his own wartime memories are to follow. . . .

The story of *Requiem For A Wren* revolves around so many profound surprises that I feel no reviewer ought to reveal the plot. It is set mainly in England, the England of D-Day. How worthily Mr. Shute has recaptured the epic spirit of those times, and their silent tensiety, you must read to see. Janet, of the thick eyebrows and the memorable smile, stands out—young, overconfident a little, glowing with her devotion to duty; but too soon to be hit by blow after blow. The ironies of her solitary after-destiny, and of Alan's vain search for her, are tremendous. Mr. Shute is never afraid to handle tragedy, and he does so here. But, as always, he ends on a note of victory. As in the case of *A Town Like Alice*, this book should travel far.

★ ★ ★

IN LITTLE CABBAGES (Wingate, 8s. 6d.) George Mikes to our great pleasure revisits France, in the illustrative company of David Langdon. Spring and the touring season render this book timely—it is, he says, "a simple travel-guide to French habits and French mentality." Having been acquainted with Mr. Mikes—for you'll remember *How To Be An Alien*—you will expect what is knowing, and you will have it. One of the most brilliant of our acclimatized Hungarians, he has an



age-old soul and a dancing eye. "I love the French," he confesses. "They are all *Petits Choux*; they are all Little Cabbages. If I could choose what to be, I think, I should like to be a Frenchman. A naturalized Frenchman, living in England."

So he writes about "How to Lose Your Way," "How to be Decadent," "The Art of Sitting in Cafés," "How to Drive" (in France), "Sex" (in France), "Americans" (in France), "Workers," "Dior" (dictator), "How to Quarrel," and so on. . . . Take to heart, for your profit, his observations, such as: "I have tried to explain the French way of driving as an atavistic survival of gambling, or else of duelling."

As to restaurants (in "The National Passions") he also says that none are so frequented as the "unfrequented." "The place is sure to be full of American visitors as soon as they discover that there are no American visitors to be met there."

You'll enjoy *Little Cabbages* equally in France, when you're back from France, or if you can't go there this time.

★ ★ ★

THE new, and excellent, Leslie Ford is entitled *INVITATION TO MURDER* (Collins, Crime Club, 10s. 6d.). Scene, Newport—that by now almost historic U.S.A. millionaire seaside resort. Dodo, a perennial re-marrier nearing forty, is disturbed by the proclivities of her fourth husband, magnetic Count Nikki de Gradoff. She is also cramped in her money-life by a Trust created by her too wary father—a gardening maniac, who has since disappeared. The Trust (so framed, family friends declare, as to constitute an "invitation to murder") also weighs heavily on the young shoulders of Jennifer, Dodo's enchanting daughter—who stands to benefit *ad lib*. Fish Finlay, a lamed war veteran present in the embowered Newport home to keep an eye on things, falls in love with Jennifer, but has scruples. A nasty chain of murders claims his attention.

Miss Ford, this time, makes no secret of who her murderer is: the excitement depends upon how to catch him! As ever, she evokes an atmosphere of charm and luxury, which, salted by extreme perils, one must enjoy. Though I own I miss Mrs. Latham and Colonel Primrose.

THE HON. LADY NICOLSON, C.H., D.Litt, is the distinguished writer V. Sackville-West, one of this country's greatest experts on gardening. To her writing on this subject she brings not only a profound and varied knowledge, but also great literary craftsmanship. She has recently been elected President of the British Delphinium Society



Lotte Meitner-Ujrat

Collectors Items

FROM THE SATURDAY BOOK
Olive Cook and Edwin Smith have made this selection. A magnificent book—a collector's piece in itself, illustrating over 300 curiosities from The Saturday Book, more than half illustrated in colour. 21s.

Clifton Lodge

ETHEL, LADY THOMSON
The remarkable story of a Victorian childhood spent among kings, queens and ambassadors. "An exceptionally downright autobiography . . . it is transparently, even brutally, truthful and rarely dull." *News Chronicle*. 22 illus. 15s.

Ten Years in Tonga

J. S. NEILL, C.M.G.
"Fascinating . . . a mine of information about Tonga." *Scotsman*. Foreword by Her Majesty Queen Salote of Tonga. 22 illus. 12s. 6d.

My Cats and I

PAUL EIPPER
"For all cat-lovers this is a *must*, and even those who think that they hate cats might at last be converted by the charm and tenderness of this book." *BEVERLEY NICHOLS*. 45 photographs. 12s. 6d.

Hutchinson

Books about the Air War—

CHESHIRE V.C.

Russell Braddon

"The spirit of the man is in it."—SUNDAY TIMES.

Illustrated

12/6d

THE DAM BUSTERS

ESCAPE—OR DIE

Paul Brickhill

"The best wartime story of the R.A.F."—DOUGLAS BADER.

"An epic of sheer, blazing resolution."—H. E. BATES

Illustrated

15/- each book

1 FLEW FOR THE FÜHRER

Heinz Knoke

"A fascinating picture . . ."—THE OBSERVER.

Illustrated

12/6d

From all Booksellers

—EVANS—

Variable Winds at Jalna

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

This new addition to the White-oak chronicle brings the story near to the present day. 12s. 6d. The thirteen earlier novels in the series are all available.

The Red Petticoat and Other Stories

BRYAN MACMAHON

"Most of these twenty stories hold their own not only with the best in contemporary Ireland, but with the best in English anywhere."—*Saturday Review*. 12s. 6d.

*

A Victorian Boyhood

L. E. JONES

"A classic."—Sir John Squire in the *Illustrated London News*. 3rd large printing. 18s.

—MACMILLAN—

Elsa Maxwell

I MARRIED THE WORLD

"Golden gossip, most entertaining and deliciously illustrated memories. If *I Married The World* were left lying about in a dentist's waiting-room, his patients would go chuckling into his chair."

The Times

"Witty, outrageous, sentimental, lethal, exhausting—but never a bore—a wonderful story."

The Observer

"The cherished friend of the brilliant of two continents."

The Daily Telegraph

With a frontispiece by Salvador Dali and over 50 remarkable photographs.

18s.

Heinemann

A FOOL ON WHEELS

By **Barbara Toy**. A single-handed journey by Land-Rover across North Africa, then to Cyprus, the Lebanon and on to Baghdad. Miss Toy is a new personality of charm and enterprise.

Illustrated. 16s. net.

BAVARIAN FANTASY

By **Desmond Chapman-Huston**. The Unhappy Ludwig II, of Bavaria, here tells his own story in hitherto unpublished letters, diaries and journals. It is a most important contribution to the great enigma. *Illustrated. 25s. net.*

JOHN MURRAY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
★ FOR BOOKS ★

NEW, SECONDHAND & RARE

Books

Foyles have depts. for Music, Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials, Magazine Subscriptions, Lending Library, Foreign Stamps.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ★ Open 9-6 inc. Saturdays (Thurs. 9-7)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

THE FACE

AND ITS IMPROVEMENT BY
AESTHETIC PLASTIC SURGERY

by CHARLES H. WILLI

the Specialist who has successfully treated over 16,000 cases during his 45 years practising in London

Illustrated with more than 60 before-and-after photographs, this remarkable book graphically describes the art of the aesthetic plastic surgeon and tells how facial defects—both congenital and those imposed by time and suffering—are transformed. Price 10s., from all bookshops, or 10s. 4d. post paid from the Publishers:

Macdonald & Evans Ltd.
8 John Street, London, W.C.1



**Don't pull your
socks up! —
wear**

Sphere

BROADWAY SUSPENDERS

SPHERE SUSPENDERS, BRACES, BELTS AND GARTERS
STAND PRE-EMINENT

MADE BY FAIRE BROS & CO. LTD., LEICESTER
A.3613

*What you
should know
about Brandy*

V.S.O.P

The best brandy comes from Cognac. The finest Cognac comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts in the centre of Cognac. All Remy Martin Cognac is made from grapes grown exclusively in these two areas. That is why people ask for Remy Martin and are never disappointed.



V.S.O.P

REMY MARTIN
Pride of Cognac

Ye Olde Wood
Barling Design
For Combs and Dentures
The World's finest pipe. Cut from best old matured briar, it represents the achievement of 140 years' pipe making in London. Also available in Standard and Sandblast Series.
ALWAYS INSIST ON A

Barling
LONDON 1812

PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

KYNOCH
of KEITH SCOTLAND

EST. 1788

**CLOTHS
SCARVES
• RUGS**

KYNOCH

28 OLD BURLINGTON ST. W.1.

**Visiting
London?**

**600 SELF-CONTAINED
SERVICE APARTMENTS**
Each with own Bathroom and Kitchen with Fridge., Maid Service, etc. One room, two rooms or suite. In the heart of London. Comfortable, convenient. From 37/6 per day.

Write for brochure
or phone
1 M Bassador 7733

PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

Marine Hotel
TROON AYRSHIRE

On a small promontory jutting into the Firth of Clyde, the Marine Hotel overlooks the famous British Open Championship course, which is renowned to golfers the world over. Private Suites, Private Bathrooms, Luxurious Lounges, Television Cocktail Bar, Elevator. Central Heating throughout, Sea Bathing, Private Tennis Courts, Five nearby Golf Courses, near Prestwick Airport. Dinner Dance every Saturday.

Tel: Troon
980-981
'Grans
'Marine
Hotel, Troon'
A.A. R.A.C.
R.S.A.C.



Four Fine Wines . . .



Burgundy . . . Clos de Conté
Sauternes . . . La Flora Blanche, Etampe
Hock . . . Liebfraumilch St. Catherine
French Sparkling Muscatel . . . Golden Guinea

Obtainable at
your Wine Merchants

Sole Importers:—
J. R. PARKINGTON & CO. LTD.,
161 NEW BOND ST., W.1.

**SEÑOR
SOLO
SAYS . . .**



SOLO
means
more real
Spanish
Orange
juice.

3/6
PER BOTTLE

ask for . . .

SOLO

and you'll get — the Best!

Setting the Style



From well-groomed head to well-shod feet she's elegance itself. The same pride — and care — is reflected in her car. Immaculate interior . . . brilliant bodywork . . . gleaming glass and chromium . . . and, to set off the whole, the smartness of Dunlop White Sidewall tyres. Distinctive, dependable and safe, these tyres — in 'Dunlop', Dunlop Fort and Roadspeed types — will enhance the design and colour of *your* car. Whether or not you choose White Sidewall, do make sure you keep to Dunlop — with or without the tube, as you please

DUNLOP

makes the tyre you want





700,000 miles a week of carefree air travel!

When you fly B.O.A.C. you're in the competent hands of an airline flying over 700,000 miles of world-wide routes *every week*! You enjoy carefree travel in superb, air-conditioned aircraft, delicious free meals and courteous, *personal* service.

STRATOCRUISERS TO THE WEST

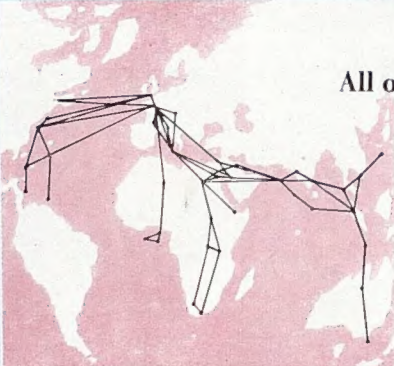
Only B.O.A.C. offers First and Tourist class transatlantic services by these double-deck airliners. First Class by "Monarch" to U.S.A., Canada, Caribbean; "Coronet" Tourist to Canada — soon to U.S.A.


CONSTELLATIONS AND ARGONAUTS TO THE EAST

Fly "Majestic" by First Class *Constellations* to Middle East, Far East, Australia — soon to South Africa; "Coronet" Tourist to the east by *Argonaut* — high standard of service.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (FIC 2323); 75 Regent St., W 1 (MAY 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details).

Ask about the B.O.A.C. Ticket Instalment Plan—10% down, balance by monthly instalments.



All over the world 

B·O·A·C

takes good care of you

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH QANTAS, S.A.A. AND TEAL